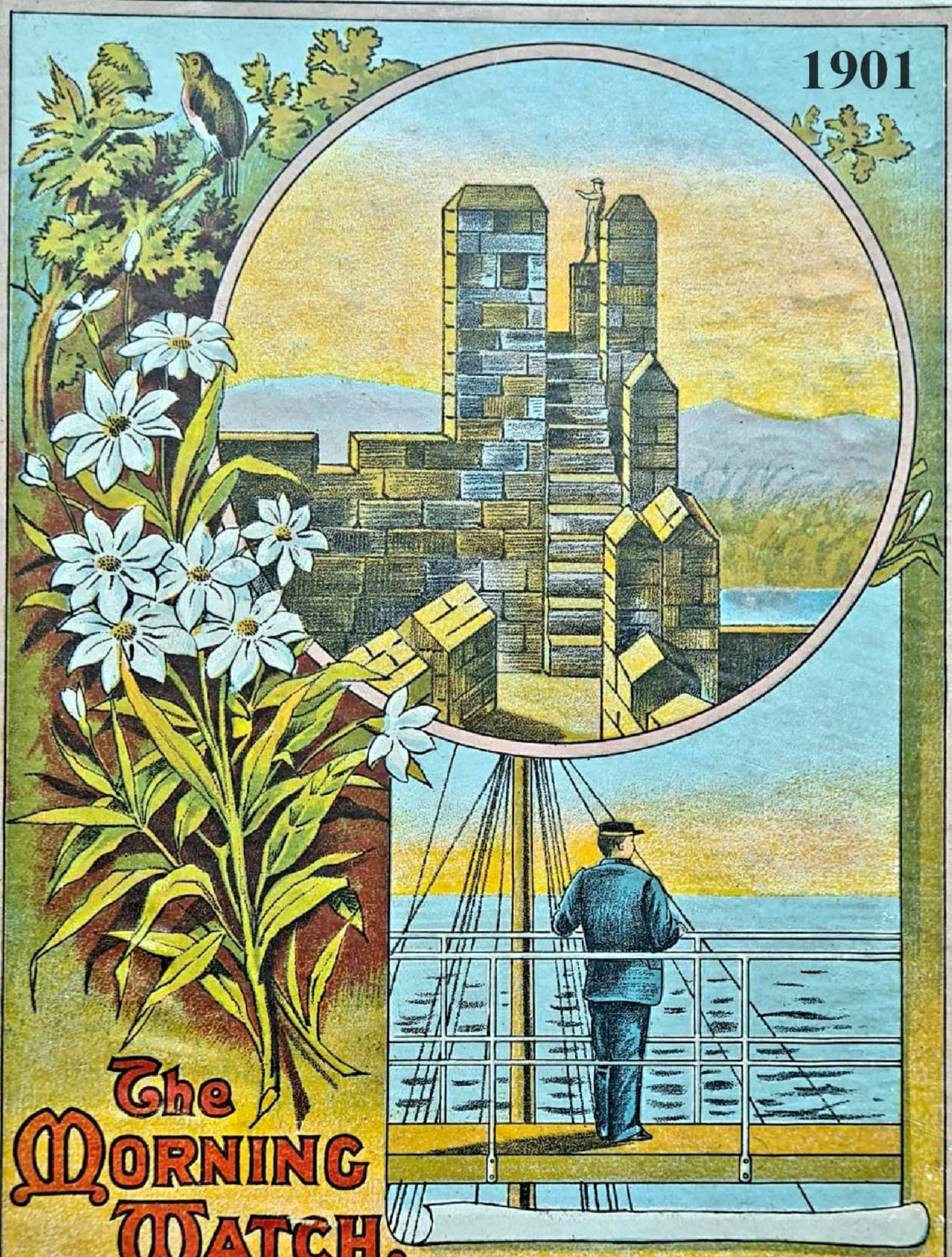

1901

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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January, 1901. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 1.

He knoweth the way that I take.—Job 23, 10.

"The Morning Watch" for 1900, being Volume XIII., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The first Nine Volumes are out of print, but those for 1897 '98 and '99 may still be had. Price, One Shilling each.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne stood a lamb, as it had been slain, and He came and took the book out of the right hand of Him That sat upon the throne.—Rev. 5, 7.

WHEN Captain Cook the navigator was surveying the coast of New Zealand, he named a part of Dusky Bay which he was prevented from examining—NOBODY KNOWS WHAT. Less than twenty years afterwards, Monday, 14th November, 1791, another British seaman, Captain George Vancouver—the man who first circumnavigated the island which bears his name—finished Cook's work, drew a correct coast-line on the chart, and with sailor-like humour named it—SOMEBODY KNOWS WHAT.

To-day, as we enter on a New Century, who amongst us is not moved at the thought of that unknown sea that lies before us and the unseen shore that lies beyond? Who amongst us is not oppressed as he looks at the book that is written within and on the back, and is close sealed with seven seals? No man in heaven, or in earth, is able to open it, neither to look thereon. Only GOD KNOWS WHAT; but I hope we can all say, more than that; I hope we can say, OUR GOD, and if so, all is well.

What Thou shalt tell us, grant
us strength to bear;
What Thou withholdest is
Thy single care.

If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not His Own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? All things are yours—the world, life, death, things present, things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.

And as to-day we begin the Twentieth Century together meeting only to part, each to stand in his own lot and each to go his own way, let us take hold of Christ's hand as well as of one another's, and bind ourselves by His grace to begin and end together the Twenty-first, and all the other centuries that shall come after till time itself shall be no more. "You know the trysting-place—THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD.

How to Close a Century.

For except we had lingered, surely now we had returned.—Gen. 43, 10.

31ST DECEMBER, 1600.

SHORTLY after America was discovered in 1492, Pope Alexander VI., one of the most infamous men that ever sat upon a throne, in virtue of the powers which he claimed as the Vicar of Christ, divided the whole of the New World between Spain and Portugal. Spain was to have all lands discovered, or to be dis-

covered, and not occupied by any Christian Prince at Christmas, 1492, to the west and south of a line which he drew on the Map 100 leagues west and south of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands. By a later decree, on the complaint of Portugal, the line was fixed at 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands, the Portuguese obtaining further the exclusive right of discovery in the future over the rest of the globe.

The other nations of Europe, in process of time, began to wonder, as well they might, why their ships were forbidden to sail the seas, and asked what right the Pope had to say to them, "Thus far and no farther!" First the Dutch and then the English plucked up heart, and spread their sails to every wind God made to blow. For be it ever remembered that, as Mr Froude, the historian, has said, "our sea-power is the child of the Reformation."

Permission to trade in the East Indies was legally given to our countrymen, for the first time, on the last day of 1600. Queen Elizabeth had often been approached before by merchant adventurers, but as was her wont, she vacillated and kept putting them off. Sir John Hawkins, the great navigator, had once said to her, "Decide quickly, Madam; time flies, and the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death." Perhaps it was the memory of these words that made her grant a charter on the last day of the century to "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading with the East Indies, with legal succession, power to purchase lands, to sue and be sued, and to have a common seal." From that little seed has sprung our great empire in the East.

I hope all of you will claim all the privileges of the sons of God and assert your right to help to win the world for Christ. Begin before the old century closes by striving to snatch something or some one from the power of Satan. An old Roman poet, writing on agriculture, says that if a gardener doesn't do certain work on certain days, it is not a bare twelve hours he loses, but a whole year. Even so, remember that before December closes you have a chance to redeem not only one year but a hundred!

How to Join Two Centuries.

While My glory passeth by, I will put thee in a clift of the rock.—Ex. 33, 22.

WHEN Sir Joshua Reynolds the great painter, delivered three months before his death his fifteenth Discourse to the Students at the Distribution of Prizes at the Royal Academy in London, on the 10th December, 1790, he recommended them above all things to study the works of Michael Angelo. "However unequal I feel myself," he said, "to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master, and

to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. . . . Gentlemen, I should desire the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of—MICHAEL ANGELO." And that was the last sentence in his last Discourse, as you may read to this day.

Whether you end 1900 and begin 1901 in bed or out of bed, I hope the last word and the first word that *you* will speak or write, or think about will be the Name that is above every name, the name CHRIST JESUS.

My tongue shall be as quick
His honour to indite,
As is the pen of any scribe
That useth fast to write.

How to Begin a Century.

THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1801.

UP till the last day of 1800 only seven planets were known to astronomers—Mercury, Venus, our Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus. Forty-six years were yet to pass before a young Mr. Adams—whose widow still lives at Cambridge greatly honoured and beloved—discovered, by mathematical calculation only! the existence of far-off Neptune. But for a long time astronomers had been convinced that at a distance from the sun greater than that of Mars, but less than that of Jupiter, there was some undiscovered body in the heavens.

On the evening of the 1st January, 1801, when other men were eating and drinking and taking a holiday, Giuseppe Piazzi, an Italian who had founded an observatory at Palermo, in Sicily, was searching the heavens for a star that was marked in Meyer's Catalogue, when he discovered, by chance, a little planet, which he afterwards named Ceres. We say he discovered it "by chance," but it was the kind of chance that only happens to men who have put themselves in the way of it. He wasn't looking at the sky that night for fun, or for the first time. He had already made himself famous by a great catalogue he had drawn up of 6,748 stars.

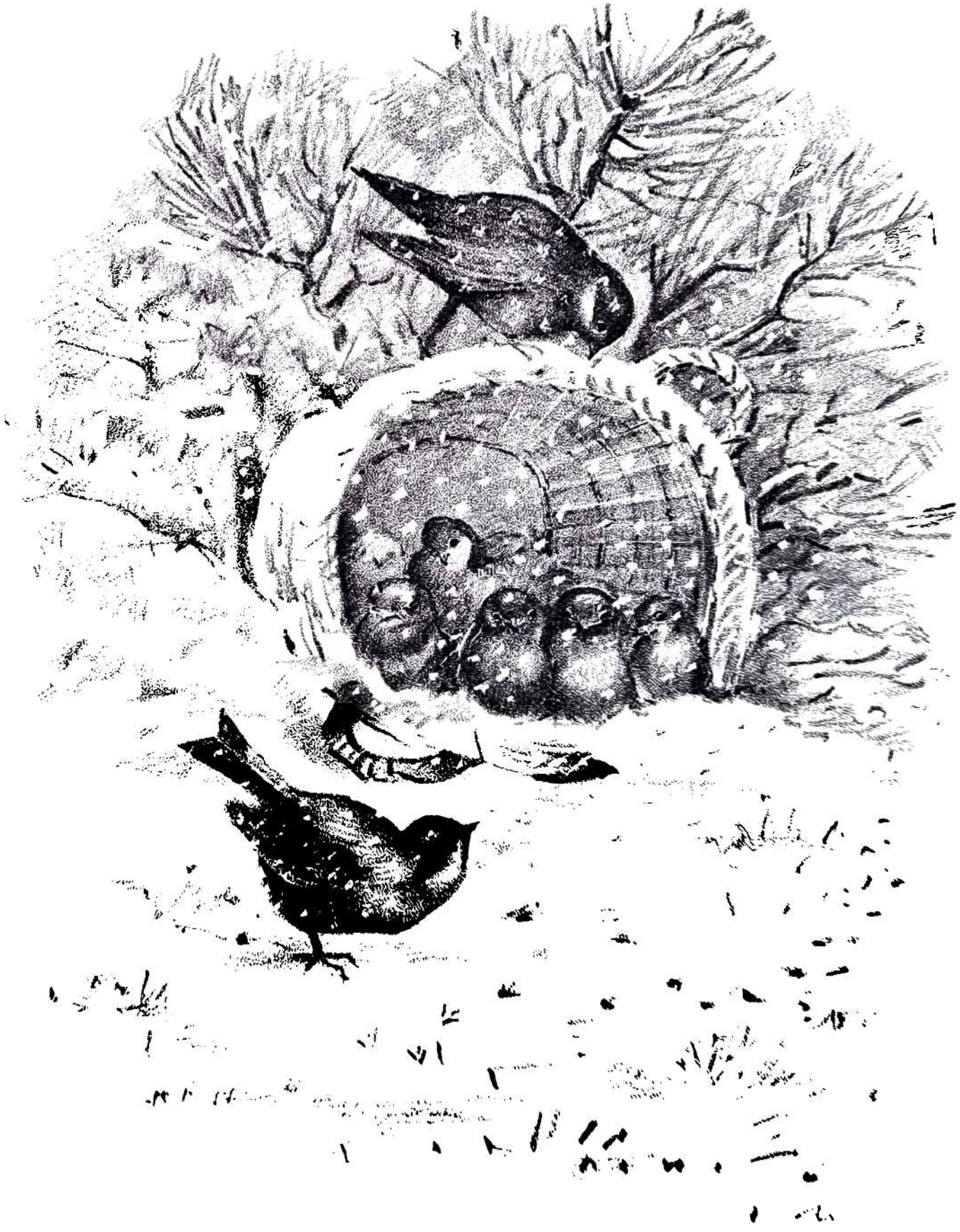
Since he led the way, about 440 other planetoids have been discovered. They are very little, the biggest of them being about 400 miles in diameter, but the most very much smaller.

God has many other secrets which He is longing to reveal, and some of you, I hope, will find them out. I think the 31st of December and the 1st of January are particularly likely days. It would only be like our God to "handsel" the New Century by giving great gifts to men in honour of His well-beloved Son.

One day!
Remember Whose, and not how short it is!
It is God's day,
A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world!

Reasons for not going to Church 3rd Series—No. 1.

This man, who has been acting as Referee at a Football Match, is being pelted, for the third time this season, to the Railway Station by local enthusiasts displeased at his decisions. And he says he rather enjoys it! But he won't go to Church because no one would second some proposal or other which he made at the annual business meeting of the Congregation last March, and, he says, "a fellow has feelings and doesn't like to be insulted."



"No Room Inside. You should have come sooner."

Children that have Something still to Learn.

3rd SERIES—No. 1.

Children that have Something still to Learn.

LITTLE Jeanie Dalziel is expected to practise at the piano forty-five minutes every day, but fifteen of them at least she spends in looking at the clock. In a few years, and for many a long year after, she will see other girls thanked and applauded, and invited to pay visits because they can play nicely, while she sits in the background pale with shame and envy. Many a good song she and others will miss the chance of hearing, because there will be no one present able to accompany the singer. And worse than all that, she is not only losing all these three-quarter-hours themselves, but she is getting good at wasting time, which is the "stuff eternity is made of," and she is becoming accustomed to defeat.

What a different record hers is from that of John Evelyn's little son, who died when he was five years five months and three days old, two hundred and fifty years ago, the boy who was "taught to pray as soon as he could speak, and taught to read as soon as he could pray." "He was much affected with the diagrams in Euclid! Never did this child lie in bed, by his good will, longer than 6 or 7, winter or summer. The first thing he did being up was to say his French prayer, and his Catechism, and after breakfast that short Latin prayer, which, having encountered at the beginning of his grammar, he had learned by heart, without any knowledge or suggestion of mine."

ὁ γέγραφα γέγραφα.

Ho gegrapha gegrapha.

What I have written I have written.
—John 19, 22.

THE highest point in Barometers long ago was sometimes marked not *Very Fine* or *Settled*, as with us, but *Serene*. Perhaps it was from that that men borrowed the phrase they used when things were well and looking well with them—"All Serene." In the writing on the opposite page the Barometer stands all through at Very Low.

"Forefauids, Decbr 31st., 1800.

This day ends the present year and the 18th century, famous for commencing and ending with dearth and scarcity, the first year of it being the last of 7 years' famine, this present being the 2nd of dearth in succession. The last year began with uncommon cold and barrenness, so that we had no Spring till the month of June, in which there was a few warm days and then rain almost without intermission till Martinmas. Meal rose gradually through the Summer from 13d. to 20d. per peck. From Harvest to New Year's day it rose to 2 shillings. And quickly after that to 3 sh. & 6d. and in some places to 4 sh. the peck. Barley meal being 2/3 and pease meal 2/10d. Potatoes 2/ per peck. This present year after a very dry Winter opened with a fine Spring. Summer was cold in the beginning, but turned very Warm and the greatest drought in the memory of man. Scarcely any rain fell from Seedtime till Harvest. Most of Springs failed and great distress for water ensued. The Crop was unproductive, and Markets that had fallen a little before Harvest immediately rose again and this 31 of Decbr. the Meal is at 3/ per peck, Barley & Pease meal at 2/ and

Forfarshire Decbr 31st 1800..

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Potatoes at 1/6. And trade of all kinds very low."

These are words written by my Grandfather, then a young man, in the little cottage in which he was born in the parish of East Kilbride. They are copied from the solitary half leaf which survives of a private journal which he kept. I have reproduced them in fac-simile, partly because they have been strangely preserved, and you may be none the worse of seeing, at such a time as this, how strangely a little record may live and leap to light. Priceless manuscripts and stupendous palaces and great empires have come into being and disappeared within these hundred years, and a little scrap of paper has outlived them all.

They may be interesting also to some of you who are little housekeepers and run your mothers' errands. Only, you will have to find out what a peck is, or rather, was. In those days, and for long after, they measured many things by bulk and not by weight, and people understood even better than we the meaning of the words—"good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over"—which is the kind of measure God's gives Himself and loves to see us give.

They say that pictures are sometimes hung on the walls of the Royal Academy not because they are good, but they happen to fit exactly a vacant space. So perhaps this entry would not have been copied had it not so providentially, as it seems to me, suited the size of a page of *The Morning Watch!*

The man who wrote these words was evidently not one of those who were gorgeously apparelled and lived delicately. The price of peasemeal does not concern the dwellers in Kings' courts. But he was one who feared God from his youth up, and though he had his own battle to fight, I know that if a writing could come to us from him now, he would say that promise had been more than fulfilled to him—"He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure."

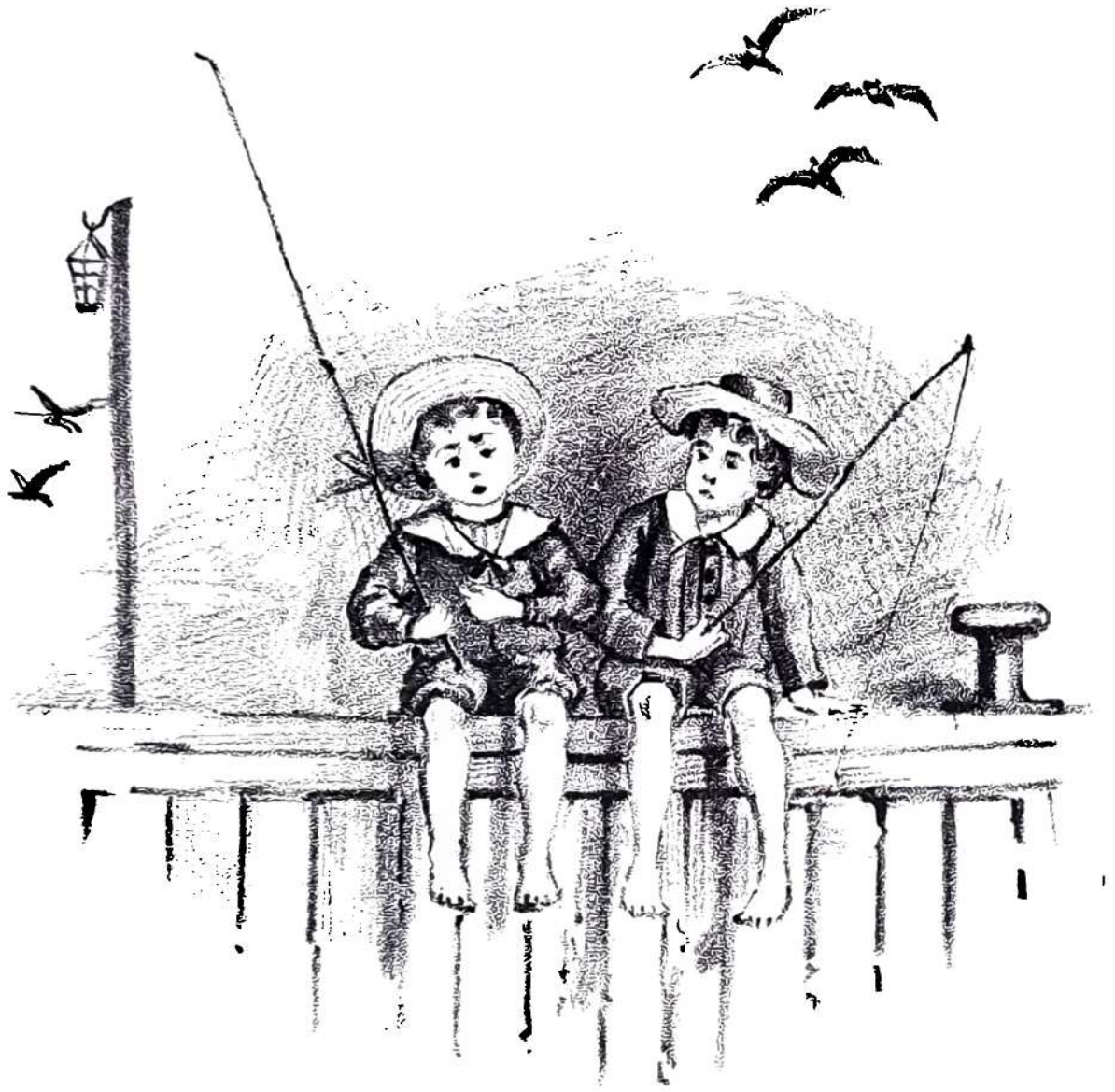
Nor do I think that even his darkest day would ever be wholly dark. What came after—"and trade of all kind very low"—I can't tell, but on the other side of the leaf are words which plainly contain directions which he had either seen or heard, or drawn up for himself, as to the way in which one should enter into personal covenant with God.

. . . . . .

"2. That it must be done with suitable engagement of spirit. 3. That it must be done as an act of obedience to the will of God and as it is His will. 4. That it must be done in comformity to the law of Christ and not to the law as a covenant. 5. That it must be done in the faith of God's reconciled character. 6. That it must be done in dependence upon Jesus Christ. 7. That it must be done from principles of Love to a Three One God. 8. and lastly, That it must be done with a single eye to the glory of God as its ultimate scope and end."

(Signed) "WILLIAM STRUTHERS."

May all that may remain for any length of time of your handwriting or of mine be half as worthy.



Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.
—Daniel 12, 4.

(A SKETCH AT A CLYDE PIER.)

"Oh, Johnnie Donaldson! I'm disappointed in ye. Man, I'm terribly disappointed. What would anybody say that heard it! To think you have been born and brought up on the Clyde all your days, and have an uncle an engineer, and yet you don't know what quadruple expansion engines are!"

1	Tu	And they sung a new song, saying, THOU ART WORTHY TO TAKE THE BOOK, AND TO OPEN THE SEALS THEREOF :
2	W	For Thou wast slain,
3	Th	And hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood ;
4	F	And hast made us unto our God kings and priests.—*Rev. 5, 1-14.*
5	S	And they fell down and worshipped Him That liveth for ever and ever.
6	S	This is He That came by water and blood.—*1 John 5, 6.* That is, He was proclaimed to be God's Son by, and at, His baptism and death.
7	M	His sweat became as it were great drops of blood.—*Luke 22, 44 (R. V.)*
8	Tu	We see Jesus because of the suffering of death crowned.—*Heb. 2, 9.*
9	W	Without shedding of blood is no remission.—*Heb. 9, 22.*
10	Th	Ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings.—*1 Pet. 4, 13.*
11	F	Ye have not yet resisted unto blood,
12	S	Striving against sin.—*Heb. 12, 4.* When Colonel Connor of the 12th Georgia Regiment gave a sensational report of his defeat, 31st May, 1862, to General Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate Army, Jackson looked up and said, "Colonel, how many men had you killed?" "None, Sir, I am glad to say." "How many wounded?" "Few or none, Sir." "Do you call that fighting?" said the General, and immediately put him under arrest.
13	S	Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus ;
14	M	Who, being in the form of God, emptied Himself.—*Phil. 2, 7 (R. V.)*
15	Tu	Follow thou Me.—*John 21, 22.*
16	W	Thou art careful and troubled about many things.—*Luke 10, 41.*
17	Th	Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.—*Matt. 6, 19.*
18	F	But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. "You cannot bring tents ; no mess-chests, trunks, etc. It is better to leave these things where you are than to throw them away after starting. We can get along without anything but food and ammunition. The road to glory cannot be followed with much baggage." Instructions of General Ewell of the Confederate Army.
19	S	My God shall supply all your need.—*Phil. 4, 19.*
20	S	Let there be no strife between me and thee ;
21	M	For we be brethren.—*Gen. 13, 8.*
22	Tu	Blessed are the peacemakers.—*Matt. 5, 9.*
23	W	Avoid contentions.—*Titus 3, 9.* Robert MacWard, a minister among the Covenanters, said it was "a rare thing to gain an ounce of truth by dispute, and for the gaining disputant not to lose a pound of goodness."
24	Th	Jesus asked them, What were ye reasoning in the way?
25	F	They had disputed one with another who was the greatest.—*Mark 9, 33.*
26	S	Live in peace ; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.—*2 Cor. 13, 11.*
27	S	Think not that I am come to send peace on earth :
28	M	I came not to send Peace, but a sword.—*Matt. 10, 34.*
29	Tu	Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness,
30	W	But rather reprove them.—*Eph. 5, 11.* "My life shal be a challenge, not a truce."
31	Th	Am not I grieved with those that rise up against Thee?—*Ps. 139, 21.*

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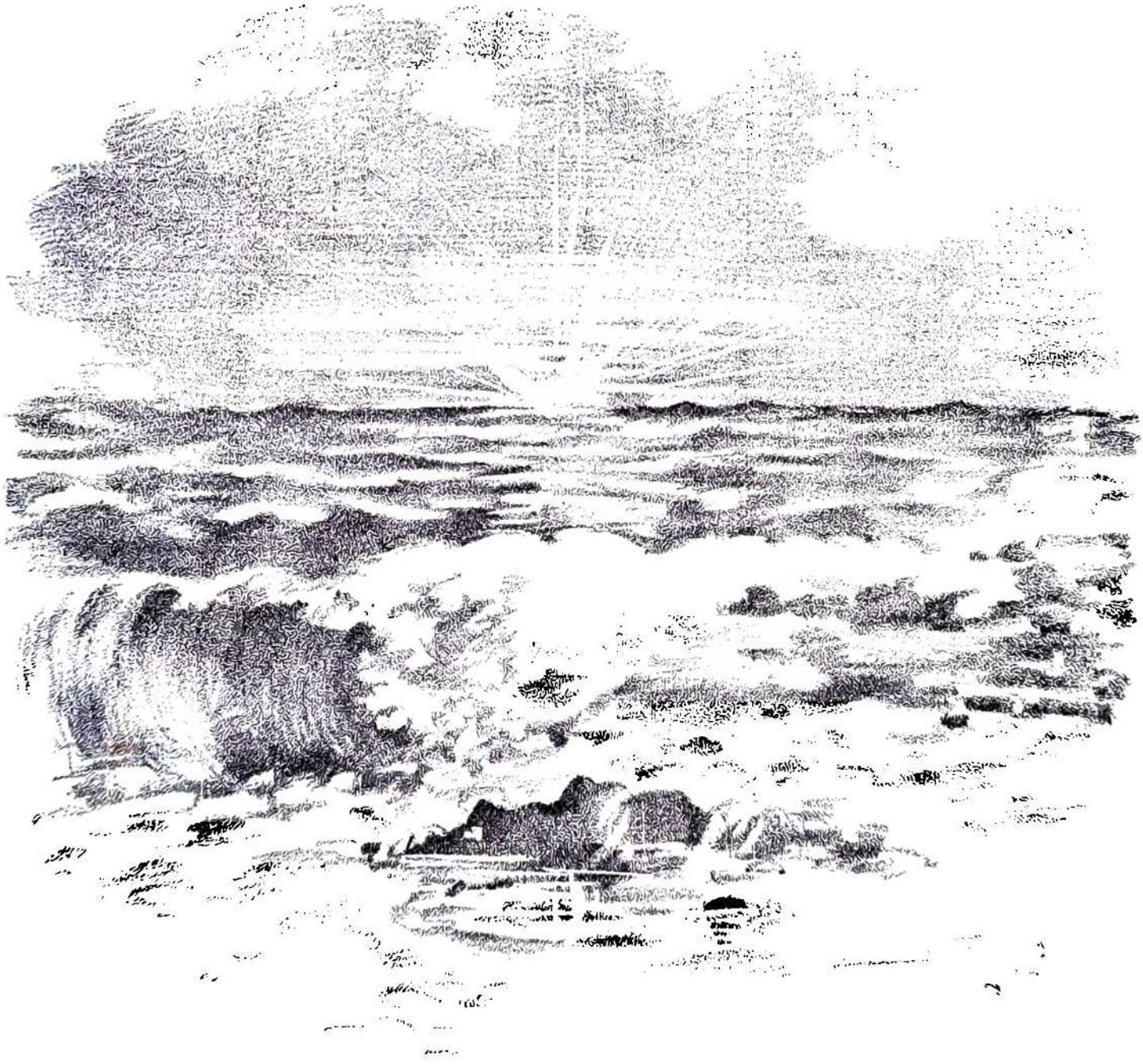

"Thy Sun shall no more go down."—*Is. 60, 20.*

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The Queen.

AS the *Morning Watch* for this month is printing, the news about the Queen is very grave.

Many years ago at Delhi, on the evening of the day on which she was proclaimed Empress of India, I remember witnessing and feeling the strange sense of awe that came over the vast concourse of spectators, European and native alike, when we saw first the Queen's likeness and then the Prince of Wales', which had been wonderfully represented in a set piece of fireworks, gradually fade away and pass into darkness. But—and this it was that touched us all—*the Crown remained* in all its glory.

The picture was meant to illustrate the permanence of the Empire. It shall endure when its present representatives are gone.

The Bible tells us of a crown that fadeth not away. And that is true, not only of the crown the believer gets hereafter, but also of the crown he wears while he is here. Whatever crown a child of God wins and wears on earth in the service of Christ, be he prince or peasant, that crown goes with him into glory. He and it are never parted.

We can only pray to God to spare the Queen if it be His holy will. But if her time is come, may she triumph over the last and greatest of her enemies, even the King of Terrors, and may she who has climbed the highest heights of earthly ambition hear her Lord and Saviour say, "COME UP HIGHER."

Snowdrops.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is Better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from Vol. XIII., page 136.)

What is thy name?

Clotilda

CLOTILDA JAMBRONI, 1758-1816, was one of the learned women who have made the University and Academy of Bologna famous in history. Some say she first attracted the notice of scholars by answering a question with which a tutor was puzzling a student, in a room which she happened to be dusting. Others say she began the study of Greek in order to help her little brother with his lessons and in helping him discovered those powers which she so developed that in her thirty-eighth year she became professor of Greek. She was the friend and correspondent of such men as Porson and Wolf who were the greatest classical scholars of their time.

Constance

CONSTANCE, heiress of Sicily, was the mother, and CONSTANCE, daughter of the king of Aragon, was the wife, of Frederick II., 1194-1250, "Holy Roman Emperor." That is a title which takes even more than a liberal education to understand. Frederick is generally reckoned as the most remarkable historic figure of the Middle Ages. It was he who, when he was told that the Pope had deposed and excommunicated him, said, "And the Pope has deposed me, has he? Bring me my seven crowns that I may see if any of them is amissing in consequence." These seven crowns were the Royal Crown of Germany, the Imperial Diadem of Rome, the Iron Circlet of Lombardy, the Crown of Sicily, of Burgundy, of Sardinia, and of Jerusalem. He had a son, Enzio who had a melancholy fate. He was captured and imprisoned by the Bolognese. Some friends attempted his rescue, and hid him in an empty wine-barrel, but one of his locks came through the bung-hole and so betrayed him. From that time till his death he was kept in an iron cage.

It was a CONSTANCE, daughter of a stage-prompter, who was the wife of the great Mozart. When Mozart was still a boy, one of the most eminent musicians of his time said, "That lad will cause us all to be forgotten." Even as a child he night have been called, as was the Frederick spoken of above, *stupor mundi*, a world's wonder. At the age of six, when he had been proforming before the Viennese Court, we are told he slipped on the polished floor, and on being lifted up by the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, afterwards the unhappy Queen of France, he said to her, "When I grow up, I will marry you." The Archduchess could hardly have proved a more unsuitable wife for him than the one he did choose. She was fond of him, no doubt, but she had no gift of management, and they were always in poverty and misery. When he died he was carried to a pauper's grave. The two or three friends who went with his remains turned back before they came to the cemetery because the rain came on.

There was an Aberdeen minister, a Dr. Kidd, who used to say to young people when he was marrying them, "Do you know the

What is thy name?

two things that will make you a happy man and wife? *The grace of God, and keeping out of debt.*"

ornelia

CORNELIA, perhaps next to Pilate's wife, is the best known of all Roman women. She was the daughter of Scipio Africanus the elder, the man who defeated Hannibal. Her mother was the daughter of Aemilius Paulus, who died with 50,000 Romans on the field of Cannae. Her husband was Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus. They had twelve children who all died young except one daughter, who became the wife of the Scipio who took Carthage, and two sons known for all time as the two Gracchi, the tribunes of the people. She was still young when she was left a widow, and might have been married, had she chosen, to Ptolemy, King of Egypt. But the memory of her husband and the good upbringing of her children were the two things that she cared for. "You might show me your jewels," said a lady visitor from Campania to her one day. Cornelia sent for her children, and said, "these are the only jewels I have." It was her great wish that her sons should do good service to the state. "People call me," she said to them, "the mother-in-law of Scipio; I would rather be called the mother of the Gracchi." Her two sons nobly strove to fulfil her desire, and lived and died friends of their country and friends of the poor. And though, as was only to be expected, they were put to death, the places where they fell were declared sacred. Their mother survived them for many years and was held in the highest honour not only by the Roman people but by all their allies near and far away, and when she died her prayer was granted. For on the monument raised to her memory were these words, and these only:

CORNELIA, THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

Goethe, the great German writer and thinker, had one CORNELIA SCHELHORN for his grandmother. Shortly before her death in 1754, in her 86th year, he then being only five, she gave him a little puppet-show representing the combat between David and Goliath, a gift which had a great influence, he often said, on the development of his mind. Goethe had also a sister, CORNELIA, named after her, who, till she died in her 27th year was his closest friend and most capable critic and adviser.

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

3rd SERIES.

No. 2.—The Boy that left that water running.

TWELVE months ago I spoke to you about the boy that leaves the Gas burning when he goes out of a room. There are some people, however, who try to be careful about gas, or anything else that has to be paid for by measure, or according to the quantity used, even though the money does not come out of their own pockets, who are yet careless about water, or anything for which a certain fixed sum is charged whether you use

little or much. If you speak to them ever so gently about it, they tell you that there is no scarcity of water. If you say to them that there was no scarcity of bread after Christ had multiplied the loaves and fishes, and yet He commanded the disciples to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, they answer, with a fine semblance of piety, "O yes, but He was God." And if you say, "Quite so, and He asks us to be like Him, and to follow in His steps," they reply, "And where will you find anybody that is like Christ now-a-days?" Then they go on to speak of the wickedness of the age in which we live, and the sin of being hard and miserly, and of heaping up money that has just to be left behind us when we die. To all which one might answer, "I beg your pardon, I am very sorry I misunderstood you, but I am very stupid, and it really never occurred to me that you were letting the water run out of pure generosity and the love of giving!"

It is good for us to remember that it is very easy to learn the habit of wasting, and if we are careless about a very little, we shall in all likelihood be careless also in much. And if we are unfaithful in that which is another's or in that which belongs to everybody alike, God will not give us that which is our own. The girl who thinks nothing of wasting the water at a public well, or the public water that flows through the pipe in her own house—I mean, of course, after she has had the sin of it pointed out—will think as little of wasting food or firing or money or time or opportunity of doing good or whatever else comes into her hands.

Further, you must bear in mind that every boy or girl that passes the running well or the running pipe, without stopping it, is almost as bad as the one who set it a-going.

28th February, 1401.

Drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Rev. 17, 6.

IT is five hundred years this month since the first Englishman was burnt at the stake for Protestantism. Henry IV. was king in those days, and to please the clergy—for he needed friends and could find no others—had caused a Bill to be passed *De Haeretico Comburendo*, to legalise the burning of heretics. William Sautre or Sawtrey, of Norfolk, a priest attached to the Church of St. Osith's in London, was the first to suffer under it, and so became our English Proto-martyr.

When he was first tried for embracing the doctrines of Wycliffe, he recanted, but, receiving grace from God, like Peter he wept bitterly, and, drawing back his recantation, was condemned to die. He passed through seven stages of degradation, his rights, privileges, and attributes, as priest, deacon, sub-deacon, reader, acolyte, door-keeper, being one after the other all taken from him. He was then handed over to the secular power, that is, to the civil authorities, the

bishops with cruel hypocrisy ending their warrant for his condemnation with the words destined to become only too familiar—"beseeching the court that they will favourably receive the said William." And so poor Sautre was burnt in chains in Smithfield before a great concourse of spectators.

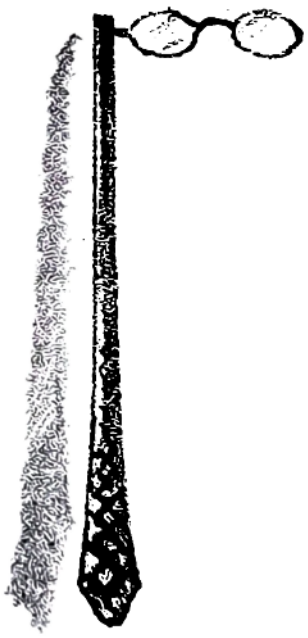
Five hundred years ago!

The wrong is one wrong, one and immortal too,
And that we bore it these five hundred years,
Let it rankle unrevenged five hundred years,
Is just five hundred wrongs the more and worse.

An American newspaper at the beginning of the year asked a number of eminent men what they thought was the greatest peril of the New Century. Many answers were given, such as "Greed," "Waste," Drunkenness," "The alarming Growth of Insanity," "The Military Spirit," and so on. I do not know whether anyone mentioned "The Power of Rome" or not, but it is certainly one of the most deadly of the many foes our country and the whole human race would do well to fear. The Church of Rome has a record of crime against her name such as no other power or institution has on earth, and that record of crime she neither repents of nor denies. On the contrary, she boasts that she is still the same unchanged unchanging Church, and well may she boast, for it is the same spirit that burned Sautre five hundred years ago in England that burns Bibles to-day in Spain and wherever else it gets the chance.

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: and condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: release, and ye shall be released.—Luke 6, 37 (R. V.)

MOST of you have seen elderly ladies with double eye-glasses fixed to a long handle, which acts as a sheath for the glasses when they are not in actual use. It is an invention with some good points in it, no doubt, but it sometimes gives the person who uses it an air of superciliousness, as of one who has stooped from a height to glance, for the fraction of a moment, at something which she instantly perceives to be just what she thought it was—merely a passing beetle.



A few days ago, when travelling by train, I saw an interesting variation of this invention. An old man with spectacles, who was sitting beside me, took out a newspaper and a pipe with what seemed to be a white metal cover standing up on the bowl. Our compartment was quite full, and as there was a lady in the company, I thought of

telling him as kindly as I could, when he was putting the pipe in his mouth, that perhaps he ought first to ask everybody's permission. But it was very fortunate for me that I said nothing. For, on looking a second time, perhaps because I unconsciously missed the smell of tobacco, I saw that the bowl of his pipe was filled with a piece of cork, and that what had seemed to be a pipe lid was a little magnifying glass whose stem was stuck in the cork.

The old man, who proved to be a most interesting talker, presently laid down his paper when I spoke to him, and told me his story. His business compelled him to travel a good deal, and as he was fond of reading and could only see with one eye—and even then with great difficulty—he had to use a magnifying glass in addition to spectacles. Holding up the glass, however, numbed his arm and so pained it that it troubled him at nights and kept him from sleeping. But as necessity is the mother of invention, he had one day hit on the plan that has been described. I do assure you I was glad I had not spoken to him for smoking without asking leave! It was another lesson to me to be slow to speak, and, above all, slow to judge.

The mention of the glasses with the handle reminds me of another scene in a railway carriage two years ago. There was sitting in one of the corners a well-known minister of the Established Church, an old man, who, as I saw from my newspaper, had to deliver an address that day at a Convention in Edinburgh. When we got clear of Glasgow and into the bright country air, he took out from his bag the notes of his speech, and then a biggish Bible, which he left open on his knee. Such a Bible for markings I never saw. There were underlinings apparently in every verse, in black ink and in red, there were "railroads," up and down, at every kind of angle, connecting words here with words there, like the points and sidings at a busy junction, while the margins, like those on the book, in the Idylls of the King, which Merlin had and Vivien wished to read, were

> Scribbled, crost, and crammed
> With comment, densest condensation.

There were other four of us, in all, in the carriage, and we were not to be blamed, I think, for stopping a little and looking at the old man and his Book and then at one another. But the one who looked longest and most eagerly was a lady, dressed in the height of fashion, who sat opposite him. I had thought, though perhaps I was judging wrongly here again, that she looked a little annoyed when she saw it was a minister that had sat down opposite her. Like the rest of us she quickly noticed his Bible, and then opening out and putting up her long-handled glasses, as if for one momentary glance, she seemed struck, and irritated, and amused, and perplexed, and astonished, all at once. Then, mastered by her wonder, she leaned forward and gazed so intently and so long that her own face became as interesting

a study to the rest of us as the old man's Bible was to her. Not one word did she speak, but perhaps to her, as to the others, that copy of God's Word was indeed a revelation. Maybe she saw, what young people especially are slow to believe, that there *are* men in the world to whom it is no figure of speech, but the simple truth, to say that they delight to meditate in God's law day and night, and that His Words are sweet to their taste, yea, sweeter than honey to their mouth.

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 2.

That Lady and Gentleman have come to an Orchestral Concert though they are seventeen minutes late, and will have to leave a quarter of an hour before it finishes in order to catch a train. But they didn't go to church last Sabbath, because they saw it would hurry them to get there in time, "and, if there is any one thing they do dislike, it is being late for a meeting."

THERE was a student in my time who, during the eight years of his college course, never missed a class or was once late. I know a working man who has only lost one quarter of an hour's pay in two and thirty years. No doubt there are many with an even better record.

I hope none of you will ever be late for church. Yet there are times when it is an honour to be late and a dishonour to be punctual. The good Samaritan, one may be sure, was a full hour behind his time when he completed the journey that made him immortal. Just as certainly the priest and Levite would be before their time. If, however, through the Providence of God, through some accident to yourselves or others, or even if through indolence or unbelief you see that, if you go, you will be late, it is your duty, all the same, to go. The proverb in this case is true, Better late than never. Some may laugh as you go in, for even the good are sometimes thoughtless and ill-mannered, but have you yourself never laughed at others without cause? Some will smile, but remember that whilst there is the smile of amusement, and wonder, and contempt, there is also the smile of admiration and of love. Some you take to be smiling *at* you, are only, like God, smiling *on* you. I have known people, two specially—one a man, one a woman—prevented from going in time, the one by pain of body, the other by anger at God because of her many trials, who changed their minds after they said "No," and went, and they got the very message from God they needed just as they opened the door! Though you should only be in time to join in the closing Psalm, or to hear the Benediction, go! God's blessing does make rich. Yes, though you should only be in time to meet the people coming out, go! The Church is the place where His honour dwelleth. Them that honour Me I will honour. He is bound by His character, by all He is, by His love to Christ, by His promises to us, not to put to shame any who seek His Face in the way He has Himself appointed. Think of the two disciples who turned back all the way from Emmaus, and found the eleven gathered together. They came very late, yet Christ their Lord came even later!

1	F	God saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth.—*Job 37, 6.* "When snow falls it seems as if the great silence up there were falling down upon us flake by flake."—*Lowell.*
2	S	While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter shall not cease.—*Gen. 8, 22.*
3	S	The Lord of hosts, excellent in working..—*Is. 28, 29.*
4	M	He remembered His holy promise.—*Ps. 104, 42.*
5	Tu	The time, yea, the set time, is come.—*Ps. 102, 13.*
6	W	Thy people offer themselves willingly.—*Ps. 110, 3 (R. V.).* "Absent, never," "late, never," were invariable entries in her school reports as a girl of Miss Irene Petrie, an English missionary who died in Tibet, 6th August, 1897.
7	Th	Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep.—*Prov. 19, 15.*
8	F	A perpetual sleep.—*Jer. 51, 39.*
9	S	I will awake early.—*R. V. margin,* I will awake the dawn.—*Ps. 57, 8.* "If you will vouch for your brother's being an early riser, I will give him an appointment on my staff."—*Gen. Stonewall Jackson.*
10	S	The Lord, Whose name is the God of hosts.—*Amos 5, 27.*
11	M	Is there any number of his armies?—*Job 25, 3.*
12	Tu	He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven.—*Dan. 4, 35.*
13	W	Ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.—*Ps. 103, 21.*
14	Th	The Lord shall utter His voice before His army;—*Joel 2, 11.*
15	F	For His camp is very great. He executeth His word.
16	S	There failed not aught; all came to pass.—*Josh 21, 45.* "The junction of two armies on the field of battle is the highest achievement of military genius." —*Moltke.*
17	S	O magnify the Lord with me.—*Ps. 34, 3.*
18	M	I sought the Lord, and He heard me.
19	Tu	And delivered me from all my fears.
20	W	This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him.
21	Th	I am cast out of Thy sight;—*Jonah 2, 4.*
22	F	Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple. "There was an officer in the Guards who left a rare record for pluck both physical and moral at Magersfontein. He it was who, feeling himself mortally wounded managed to raise himself on to his knees in prayer, and so left the world. His men remembered that."—*Mrs. Bagot's Shadows of the War.*
23	S	Death is swallowed up in victory.—*1 Cor. 15, 54.*
24	S	Grace has been shewed from the Lord our God to give us a nail in His holy place.—*Ezra 9, 8.*
25	M	I will fasten my servant as a nail in a sure place.—*Is. 22, 23.*
26	Tu	They shall hang upon him all the glory of his father's house.
27	W	Thou hast a little strength.—*Rev. 3, 8-12.*
28	Th	I will write upon him My new name. In Lawrence Alma Tadema the painter's London house the very screw nails which rivet together the parts of his grand piano, in place of the single cut to admit the screw driver, "wear a little L T on their favoured heads."

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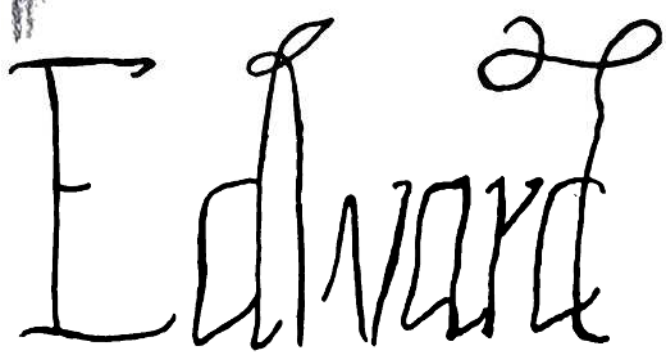
The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 3.

Edward VI.

Born, 1537; Died, 1550.

"He was always cheerful at his books, and delighted in the study of the Scriptures, of which he read ten chapters daily."



"The Morning Watch" for 1900, being Volume XIII., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

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Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.—Luke 16, 22.

"YOU are so alone on that terrible height!" That, according to the Queen's diary, was what Tennyson said to her after her husband's death. Yet, though this loneliness of kings has been ever a favourite subject with moralists, it may be questioned if kings after all are any lonelier than other men. It is quite true, of course, that no one may sit down in their presence without permission, or begin a conversation, or look at his watch, or put a question.

> What earthly name to interrogatories
> Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

But has not every Sovereign *one* intimate at least? and who amongst us has many more! At any rate, whatever of earthly companionship may be awanting God himself will supply, for He delivereth him that hath no helper. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," is a promise to princes as well as to common men.

But whether they be lonely on earth or not, what a change death brings to the kings and queens that cast their crowns before the throne!

> A second—and the angels alter that.

What an astonishment it will be to them, and to us, to find in every one of that great multitude that no man can number not only a superior, but an equal, a brother and sister, a lover and friend!

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 16.)

What is thy name? Cornelia

In the year 1618 Hugo Grotius, scholar, statesman, jurist, theologian, one of the greatest of Dutchmen, was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the castle of Lovenstein. While there he wrote in Flemish verse a Catechism of a hundred and eighty-five questions and answers for the use of his little daughter CORNELIA, who afterwards became the wife of a French nobleman, Viscount Mombas. Grotius' wife was a Mary Reigesberg, a woman in every way worthy of him. When he was put in prison she was allowed to go with him, on the condition, however, that if she ever came out, she would not be allowed to join him a second time. The story of his escape—for he was more fortunate than poor Enzio of Sardinia—is told at great length and with much relish by the old chroniclers. He was allowed, now and again, to send away any books he was done with in a big

What is thy name?

Cornelia

chest, three-and-a-half feet in length, along with his linen for washing. For the first fourteen or fifteen months his guards examined the chest very carefully, but never finding anything in it save the books and clothes, they grew tired of searching, and at last did not even take the trouble to open it. His wife, noticing this, bored one or two holes in it for breathing through, and made her husband try how many hours he could lie hid in it. When at length washing day came, she stowed away her husband, shutting him up in the box, with such feelings and prayers as Moses' mother must have had when she sent away the little ark. When the soldiers lifted it, one of them said, "There must be an Arminian in it, it is so heavy!" "There are some Arminian books in it," was her answer. Later on, the weight of the box aroused suspicion more than once. "Prisoners have got away before now in boxes," said a soldier's wife at one point—but a servant who accompanied it, and was in the secret, who must have been a second Miriam for wisdom and fidelity, so cleverly managed things that her master was at length carried to a friend's house and there released. Dressing quickly as a mason, with trowel, and hod, and square, he made his way to the frontier and thence to Antwerp. He died near Lubeck twenty-five years afterwards. The minister, a stranger to him, who was with him at the last, spoke to him about the publican who smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "And that publican am I," said the dying man. His body was laid in the tomb of his ancestors in the town of Delft.

Cordelia

CORDELIA is not a common name, though I have met it in one of our Greenock schools, but it must ever sound pleasant to those who know the story of King Lear. She was the dutiful daughter about whom he used the well-known words—

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

CORDELIA MARSHALL was married to Dr. William Whewell in 1841, on the very day on which the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, fell vacant. It is one of the highest positions in the country, and he held it for five-and-twenty years. He is a man about whom many stories are told. When he was at school, he did his lessons so well that the master increased the daily task. Whereupon the boys resolved that every time Whewell did more than twenty lines of Virgil, two of their number in turn should thrash him. But the first two who tried the experiment were so soundly thrashed by him that they let him go his own way after that. When he became head of the College he gave parties which were known as "Perpendiculars," because no one was allowed to sit down at them, the guests were so many. He was generally thought a little arrogant, so that when, in opposition to Sir David Brewster, he wrote a book to prove that our world is the only one that is inhabited, it was suggested by a wit that his reason for holding that opinion was his desire

to prove that through all infinity,
There is nothing so great as the Master of Trinity!

His death was the result of a fall from his horse. When he was

What is thy name?

dying he asked that the curtains might be opened, that he might take a last look at the great Court of his College, familiar to him for over fifty-three years.

Deborah

DEBORAH—the accent is on the o, to rhyme with Norah—means a *Bee*. It is the name of two women in Scripture, one of them the great warrior-prophetess, the other the nurse and life-long friend of Rebecca. The name of this latter is recorded, because a nurse's position is one of the noblest and most responsible that a woman can occupy.

In Greyfriars' Churchyard, a place which every visitor to Edinburgh, who loves the Covenanters, should go to see—it is but a little way off the High Street as you go to the Castle—there is buried a DEBORAH, only daughter of Colonel Monypenny, of Pitmilly, the inscription on whose grave runs thus: "The advancement of God's cause was her chief joy; she was never weary in well-doing; she received blessing of the poor and fatherless; and at the appearing of the Redeemer with the saints, the tongue of the dumb, whose education she so zealously promoted, shall yet be loosed to bear witness to her. 2 Tim. 1, 12." She died in 1847, aged 75.

DEBORAH SHARP was the name of the servant of Christopher Pinchbeck, the London clockmaker and inventor, about whom some of you may remember reading in the *Morning Watch* three years ago. To her, for her wisdom and fidelity, he left £300; but to his undutiful son, "who has never done one single thing to oblige me since his infancy," he left a small weekly allowance, and £20 "to buy mourning, or to do what he pleases with it."

DEBORAH CLARK, daughter of the Vicar of Berwick, was the second wife of James Melville of St. Andrews. She was much younger than he, and for this reason his uncle, the famous Andrew, disapproved of the marriage at first. The nephew, however, would have her. "She was only nineteen, but sound in mind and body, chaste, modest, yielding, humble, loving, open-hearted, and sweet-tempered." Like a wise girl, she heaped coals of fire on her uncle's head, making many a garment for him when he lay a prisoner in the Tower of London, and so conquered him that, in his letters afterwards, he had always a loving word for "the sweet Melissa"—Melissa being the Greek for a Bee.

DEBORAH was the youngest of Milton's undutiful three daughters. I have no doubt he would often have called her the Hebrew for *Wasp*, only the sarcasm would have been lost on her, if, as she said herself, one of her trials almost beyond endurance was having to read to her father for hours Hebrew and Greek books, of which she hardly knew the meaning of a single word. After his death she passed into obscurity, but for a short time before she herself died, she "received some notice." Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., gave her fifty guineas, the nobility and gentry followed suit, "and in one quarter of an hour she became rich." She married one, Abraham Clarke, a weaver. Their last known descendant, a great grandchild, was born at Madras in 1727.

Fidelity.

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No 3.

That man was curling from half-past nine on Monday morning till half-past five at night, but he did not go to church on Sabbath, because he

suffers from cold feet, and has a most commanding pain at times in his back, and his wife, who has been poorly ever since last harvest, frets when she is left alone. The old man standing beside him doesn't go either, his excuse being that "he hasn't got an overcoat."

"Many a Little makes a Mickle."

A FEW weeks ago, happening to be in Edinburgh, I looked in for a few minutes at one of the Law Courts. The presiding judge was one of the ablest and most popular on the Bench, the leading advocate on each side was a Q.C., while their juniors were young men of great promise. But the cause that engaged them seemed at first sight to be as paltry as a cause could be, and the longer one listened it seemed the paltrier. It was about *shavings!—cork* shavings too—and, as if to make the matter as ridiculous as possible, a *parcel* of cork shavings, which, it was alleged, had been spoilt by salt water! Truly a pretty case to occupy the time and thought of some of the keenest intellects at the Bar, to say nothing of the attendant officers of Court—the Clerk, the shorthand writer, the macer—and the solicitors and their clerks; and the newspaper reporters; and the witnesses, who were all men of business summoned from great distances; and the spectators, some of whom, at least, looked like men capable of being put to some worthy use; and the host of persons such as messengers, and printers, and workmen, and sailors, and many others, who, though not present, had yet directly or indirectly some interest in the case. *A parcel of cork shavings!* and as if they had not wasted time, and money, and thought enough, here am I writing about them and, apparently with little reason, doing something, at least, to add to their capacity for waste.

Yet as one listened that day, there seemed after all to be some value in the thing. For cork shavings are needed in the manufacture of linoleums, and the parcel meant, not something such as one might carry under his arm or on his back, but four hundred tons! and each ton was worth, at least, £5! and will cost more ere the buyer and the seller be done with them. What is lighter than cork? and what is heavier than a man's wrath?

One pitied the two litigants. But how many people in our land have lost more than a few hundred pounds through cork? I once heard a woman, whose life was ruined by a drunken brother, say that the most hateful sound to her on earth was that made by the drawing of a cork. God made the cork oaks, that grow in Spain and Portugal and flourish for seven score years, for our use and happiness, and we by our sin have made them trees of the knowledge of good and evil.

Private Goodman.

"The word that is the symbol of myself."
—Tennyson.

MR. FREDERICK TREVES, a distinguished London surgeon who spent several months last year at the seat of war in South Africa, relates in his *Tale of a Field Hospital* one of those incidents which show in a striking manner what war does both with a man and for a man. A private in the King's Royal Rifles, named Goodman, was brought to the Field Hospital after the disaster on Spion Kop, in a lamentable plight. He had been lying on the hill all night. His clothes had not been off for six days. Rations had been scanty, and he had been sleeping in the open ever since he left the camp. He had been struck in the face by a fragment of shell which had carried away his right eye, the right upper jaw, the corresponding part of the cheek and mouth, and had left a hideous cavity, at the bottom of which his tongue was exposed. The rest of his face was streaked with blood, which was now dried and black—so black that it looked as if tar had been poured on his head and had streamed down his cheek and neck. Eight hours had been occupied on the journey to the hospital, and eight hours is considered to be long even for a railway journey in a Pullman car.

He was unable to speak, and as soon as he was settled in a tent he made signs that he wanted to write. A little memorandum book and a pencil were handed to him, and it was supposed that his inquiry would be as to whether he would die—what chance he had, or, could he have something to drink? or, could anything be done for his pain?

After going through the form of wetting his pencil at what had once been a mouth, he simply wrote, "Did we win?" No one had the heart to tell him the truth.

His memorandum book was used by him while he remained speechless in the hospital, and certain of the notes he made in it, which are here appended, speak for themselves.

"Water."

"I haven't done bleeding yet."

"I've got it this time. I think my right eye is gone, and I can hardly swallow."

"There are no teeth in front."

"It aches a lot."

"I'm lying the wrong way for my wound."

"I've had all the officers to see me."

"Did my haversack come with me? If it did there is some tobacco in it. You can give it to them that smoke."

Poor Goodman "had no mouth to smoke with himself." One is glad, however, to hear from Mr. Treves, "that he reached England in good health, and is as cheery as ever."

A few years ago a great Russian painter, named Verestchagin, painted some realistic pictures of what is to be seen on the field after a battle has been fought. If he drew such scenes as Mr. Treves describes, we need not wonder why it was that the late Czar of Russia forbade his soldiers to go to the exhibition.

"The spendthrift Crocus, bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold."
—O. W. Holmes.

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

3rd SERIES.

No. 3.—The Boy that never says "Sir" or "Ma'am."

EVERYBODY likes Alec Innes. He rises at six every morning to go with milk, and he has never "slept in" once. He doesn't go on Sabbath. His master is one of the wise farmers who make an extra call on Saturday nights, and decline to oblige those thoughtless selfish people who, because there may be two or three hot sabbaths in July when milk won't keep, and they must take either scalded milk or curdled cream to tea—for the sake of these four or six cups of tea at most, for that is what their grumbling comes to—rob the milkman and his boys of their day of rest from January to December.

At night Alec sells papers. Through the day he goes to school. He gives his mother, for he has an ill-doing father, every ha'penny that he earns. He has stoutly refused to learn to smoke, though boys whom he can beat at everything else call him a "hen" for that. But Alec is no hen. He is first pick at rounders and football, and is a rare hand at the "bools." The only accomplishment he has that I am not quite sure about is his walking on his hands. He can go halfway across the school playground. That is a feat the late Professor Fleeming Jenkins of Edinburgh University said he found very useful on occasion when he was a man. It is a feat, I am sorry to say, I never even attempted. It was said

to be bad for water in the head, though how I hardly see. To say nothing of the construction of the rest of one's body, one's head is

surely not such an empty cistern as that would imply. But be that as it may, Alec is good at it. And I think he will turn out a fine fellow. There is a foreman in a shipbuilding yard who is keeping his eye on him, and means to tell Alec something one of these days.

Alec, however, like us all, has something still to learn. He does not know—and two or three people are each to blame for that—that no boy or girl should ever speak to any man or woman without saying "Sir" or "Ma'am." Every woman, whether she be what we call a lady, or a workingman's wife, or a servant-maid, or a shopwoman, or a mill-hand, or only a beggar, is entitled, even on the ground of age and all that age implies, to a certain respect and reverence. So also with a man. But Alec has sense and is willing to learn.

An old woman who used to take candles to Tennyson's room, we are told in his *Life*, said of him—"And he always was partikler, very, to say, 'Thank you,' but you see, Miss, all that was before I knew he was trying for to be a poet."

Scotch people have their own good points, perhaps, but the English beat us in politeness. Here is an incident reported to me by the friend who witnessed it a few days ago in London on the day the Queen was buried.

A cabman with his "growler"—that is what they call a cab there—took up his position just outside of one of the large London stations. The policeman on duty inquired "Naow then! w'ot are you w'itin' for?"

"Chaunce," replied the man.

"Ain't no chaunce here."

"Give us a minuit!"

"Well, for two minuits," the constable graciously answered.

At the end of them he came up and said, "Time's up! Pass on!"

"Thank you, Guv'nor," the cabman cheerily responded as he drove off without remonstrance.

That "Thank you, Guv'nor," has pleased and touched everyone as yet that has heard the story. It somehow goes to one's heart, especially when one remembers how serious a word "chance" is to a poor driver looking wearily and in vain for a "fare." I hope he got a good one later on. The policeman too, I am sure, would be all the better for that kind word, and will find it easier, for that man's sake, to be even more gracious to the next who pleads for a little respite.

ONE day in February, 1872, Dr. Birdwood, of the India Office Museum, was showing a cup of exquisite Jeypore enamel, belonging to Lady Mayo, to the Archbishop of York. As he turned the spoon about in it that he might see the reflection of the emerald bowl on the gold, he said, "Now you can realise what it is to be a Viceroy." And just at that moment one of the servants of the Museum came up, pale as death, and said, "There is a telegram down stairs to say that the Viceroy has been assassinated."

1	F	God gave the king another heart.—*1 Sam. 10, 9.*
2	S	Give unto my son a perfect heart.—*1 Chron. 29, 19.*
3	S	His dominion is an everlasting dominion.—*Dan. 4, 34.*
4	M	When one dieth, he shall carry nothing away;—*Ps. 49, 17.*
5	Tu	His glory shall not descend after him.
6	W	There arose up a new king.—*Ex. 1, 8.* The late Dr. Stoughton often spoke of the impression made on everyone at the burial of William IV., when the herald, after reading the King's titles, cried—"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"
7	Th	I will not lie unto David.
8	F	His throne shall endure as the sun before Me.—*Ps. 89, 36.*
9	S	Where I am, there shall also My servant be.—*John 12, 26.*
10	S	He knoweth our frame.—*Ps. 103, 15.*
11	M	He remembereth that we are dust.
12	Tu	As for man, his days are as grass;
13	W	As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
14	Th	For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
15	F	The place thereof shall know it no more. "After Culloden the Duke of Cumberland's head was painted on all the shop signs in place of Admiral Vernon's, whose head had succeeded the Duke of Ormond's."—*Horace Walpole's Letters, 1747.*
16	S	The oath which he sware to Abraham (1900 years before).—*Luke 1, 73.*
17	S	He hath made with me an everlasting covenant,
18	M	Ordered in all things.
19	Tu	And sure.—*2 Sam. 23, 5.*
20	W	God is not a man, that He should lie.—*Numb. 23, 19.*
21	Th	Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?—*Ps. 15.*
22	F	He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
23	S	Lie not one to another.—*Col. 3, 9.* Edward I.'s favourite motto—Serva pactum, keep your word.
24	S	I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God.
25	M	I have set my affection to the house of my God.
26	Tu	Seeing that I have a treasure of mine own of gold and silver, I give it unto the house of my God. "No lover of God is a lover of money, but a lover of money for the sake of God is a lover of God."—*Saying quoted in the Amir of Afghanistan's Diary.*
27	W	Who then offereth willingly to consecrate himself?—*1 Chron. 29, 1-5 (R. V.)*
28	Th	Freely ye have received, freely give.—*Matt. 10, 8.*
29	F	God loveth a cheerful giver.—*2 Cor. 9, 7.* "But I can never give cheerfully." *Miss Ferrier's Letters.*
30	S	But God is able to make all grace abound toward you.
31	S	He Himself hath suffered.—*Heb. 2, 18.* During the retreat to Corunna, General Craufurd spied an officer crossing a river on a soldier's back. "Put him down, Sir," he roared, "Put him down instantly." The soldier, delighted, dropped him in the stream. Now, go back, Sir," he said to the officer, "and go through the water like the others."

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April, 1901. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 4.

Chums.

"The Morning Watch" for 1900, being Volume XIII., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The first Nine Volumes are out of print, and also Vol. XI., but those for 1897 and 99 may still be had.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

The Census.

And another book was opened, which is the book of life.—Rev. 20, 12.

DURING the last eighteen months the young people in our country have seen a great deal of what is usually called history. They have lived through a war with its succession of defeats and victories; they have heard of pestilence and famine; they have witnessed the close of one century and the beginning of another; they have seen the throne emptied and filled again. Other notable things also have come to pass. And now they are seeing the taking of a census. Most of those who read this little magazine will get their copy of it before March is out. I hope, therefore, it is not too late to say a word or two about it.

The filling up of the census paper will be done in most houses, I imagine, on the Sabbath day, and if it is rightly gone about, say immediately before or after family worship, it is work worthy of the Sabbath. Very few heads of houses fill up two census lists the same way. As they compare 1891 with 1901, they are compelled to say like Jacob, "O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which Thou has showed unto Thy servant: for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands." Others, again, can only think of those that are gone. "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not." "And there I buried Leah." Yet of the dead they can also say by faith, "Joseph is yet alive."

Even when the names are still the same after the ten years' interval has passed, there are other changes to be recorded. Those that were infants of days then are now scholars, those that were scholars are now apprentices, or tradesmen with an honourable calling. When your father shows you your name on the paper, you should say, Where shall I be in 1911? and what shall I be? If you commit your way to God, whatever may happen before that time comes, all shall be well. Living or dying you will be the Lord's.

There is one of the columns in the census paper which you should look at very reverently and very humbly. It is that which is set apart for those that are lunatic, or imbecile, or blind, or deaf-and-dumb. We should be filled with great thankfulness to God if there are none such in our homes. God's thoughts have been precious unto us. How great is the sum of them. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand. And we should be filled with great compassion for those who, as they look at some who are dear to them,

can only say, Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight. Many a father and mother will write the word "imbecile" opposite some loved name with a sore heart. Yet the story of what God did for imbeciles and lunatics, and of what they did for Him, will not be the least of the surprises that shall await us at the last day when the Lion of the tribe of Judah opens the sealed books of God.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 28.)

What is thy name?

Deborah

John Dalton, chemist and natural philosopher, 1766-1844, was the son of a Cumberland weaver, a Quaker, but otherwise a man of no parts or energy. His mother, DEBORAH GREENUP, was a woman of strong character. While still a boy he kept a school in a barn. His pupils were of all ages, amongst them being infants who sat on his knee to learn their letters, and grown-up lads who fought him when they were reproved. He was a hard worker all his days. Being asked why he had not married, he said, "I never had time." His only recreation was a game at bowls on Thursday afternoons. He was so methodical that his neighbours set their clocks by watching him at his daily tasks. A student, who had missed one lecture, once asked him for a certificate of full attendance. "No," said Dalton; but after a little he added, "If thou wilt come to-morrow, I will go over the lecture thou hast missed, and then thou shalt have it." He was the first man to describe what is now called colour-blindness, being himself a sufferer from it. When he was presented to the king, people were astonished to see a Quaker wearing the scarlet robes of an Oxford Doctor of Civil Law. But the poor man all the time thought their colour was something between green and pale brown!

Benjamin Franklin's wife was one DEBORAH READ. She first saw her future husband the day he came to Philadelphia, an apprentice printer with about five shillings in his pocket, and "three great puffy rolls, one under each arm, and the third in his mouth." He passed her father's window, and she thought him "a most ridiculous object." They were married some years afterwards, on his return from London. They lived very happily together. When he had to go abroad, he wrote to her by every post. Once, when he had begun as usual by calling her his "dear Debby," and had gone on to scold her for not writing, he added in a postscript, "I have scratched out the loving words, being writ in haste by mistake *when I forgot I was angry.*" He used, too, to send her such gifts, buckles, and dresses, and hats, as even wise and good women love to receive. She was no scholar, but her letters, to use her own spelling, show her to have been an "ffeckshonot wife." The following advertisement, from the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of 23rd June, 1737, has reference to her:

What is thy name?

Deborah

"Taken out of a pew in church some months since, a Common Prayer Book, bound in red, gilt, and lettered D.F. on each cover. The person who took it is desired to open it and read the 8th Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same pew again, upon which no further notice will be taken." Long after her death her husband wrote to a young man—"Frugality is an enriching virtue, a virtue I never could acquire myself, but I was once lucky enough to find it in a wife, who thereby became a fortune to me. Win a prudent wife, and if she does not bring a fortune, she will help to make one."

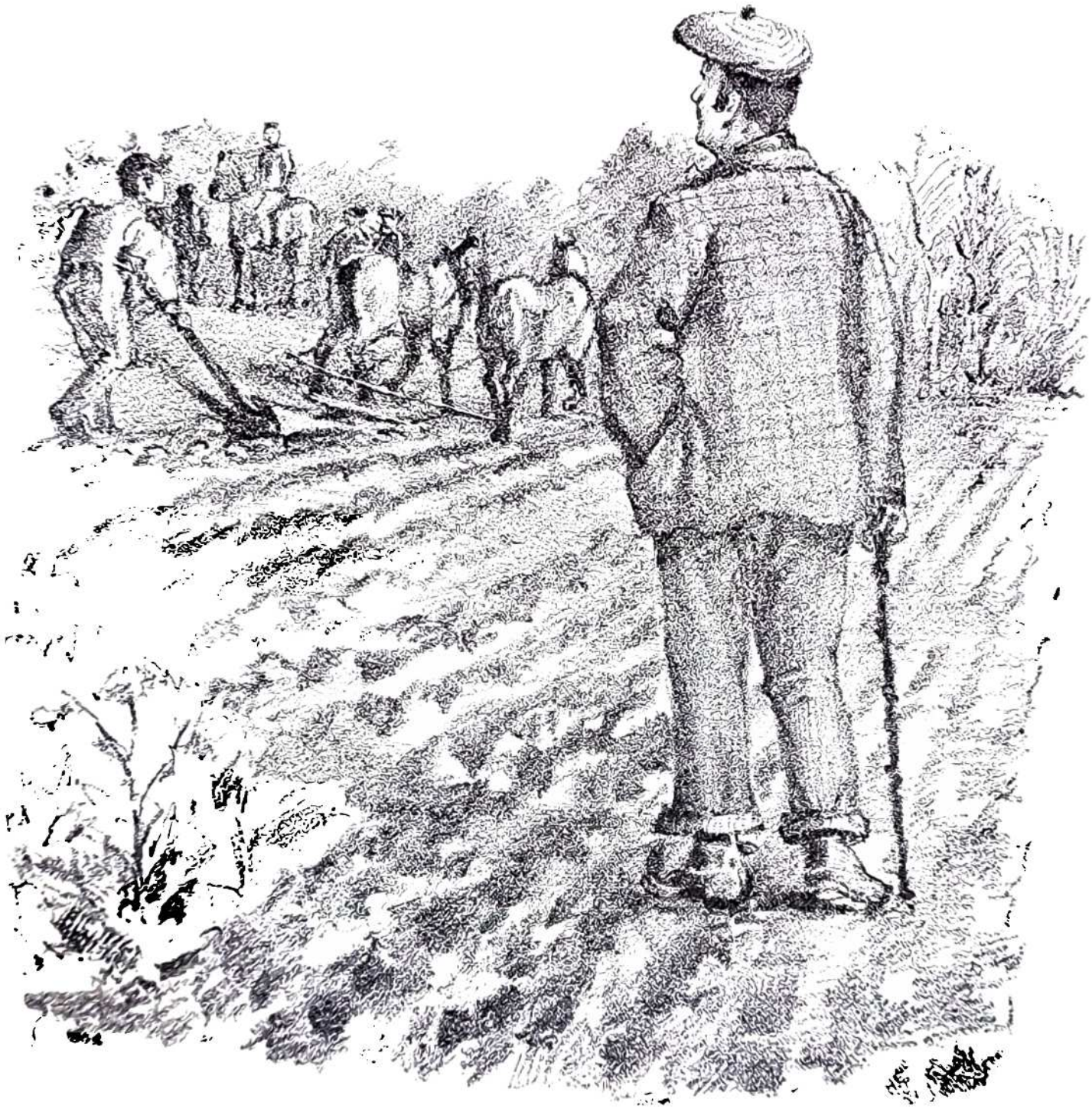
Dorothy

DOROTHY, which means a gift from God, is a name that no heathen would ever have thought of giving to a little girl. But it is so fitting a name, and so beautiful, that one is not surprised to hear that, three hundred years ago, it was one of the commonest names in England, so common, indeed, that it was from it that children called their little wooden babies dollies or dolls.

DOROTHY, wife of the third Earl of Derby, who lived in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, offered the Queen, on one occasion, at her own cost an army of 10,000 men; once a year for thirty-five years she gave meat, drink, and money's worth to 2,700 people; she fed 70 aged folk twice-a-day, besides all comers thrice a week; "and she had great cunning in setting bones and surgery." When her husband died, it was said that the glory of hospitality in England fell asleep.

The late Lord Selborne had a sister, DOROTHEA, who died in early womanhood. When she was four years old she said she knew what dearest Downie—her brother—was to be. "He is to be a Chandler," for so she said the word Chancellor. Shortly before she died, she cried out in pain, "Help me, help me, please help me." And then, "she answered herself in sweetest tones, or rather echoed back her Saviour's voice to her, 'I'll help you, dear, I'll help you, dear.'"

"The time of the singing of birds is come."—Song of Sol. 2, 12.



Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No 4.

This man attends all the ploughing matches in the county, but he didn't go to church last Sabbath—a ten minutes' walk—"because the roads were so muddy."

THE late Mr. T. E. Brown, of Oxford and Clifton, describes in one of his delightful letters, written in March, seven years ago, the picking of his first wild primrose for that year. "I had searched all manner of dells and coverts," he says, "without success, naturally thinking that where there was shelter from these detestable winds, *there* would lurk the little darlings. Norrabirravit (that is, not-a-bit-of-it),

right in the very teeth of pitiless exposure, I found the bonnie little wretch laughing."

So is it often with the plants of renown amongst men. We expect to find them in the midst of what we call favourable surroundings, amongst those who "have every advantage." The boy who goes through a five years' classical course, and has a private tutor, and gets every book he thinks he needs, does nothing. But the lad who trudges to the mill at half-past five, and learns Latin from a book perched on a bit of machinery, as he paces to and fro, becomes a Livingstone. So also in the realm of grace. We find saints in Cæsar's household. When we are fully convinced that a thing is quite impossible, an American inventor has said, we may be sure we are on the verge of some great discovery.

A MINISTER in Selkirk has kindly given me, through a friend, a reading of a book in manuscript written by a servant girl a hundred and twenty years ago. It is a little volume of about 350 pages, 4 inches broad and 6 deep, strongly sewn together and bound roughly in thick paper, each page containing about 110 words. There are a few extracts in it from the writings of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, Dr. Watts, and William Dyer, who wrote on "Christ's Famous Titles." But by far the greater part of the book is taken up with a list of the texts of the sermons heard by her during a period of nine-and-a-half years.

The record begins with these words:—"From the 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1772, I heard the following texts preached upon in different places and by different ministers of the word, tho' all ministers of the same opinion. The first by Mr. Kidston in Stow the Sabbath forenoon at the Sacrament on these words, Isaiah 53, 5, But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

Amongst the ministers she names are these: Mr. Low, Mr. M'Gilchrist, Mr. Coventry, Mr. Primrose, Mr. Waugh, Mr. Blackhall, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Patison, Mr. Jedidiah Aikman, all belonging to what was known as the Associate or Burgher Synod of Seceders. Most of the texts she mentions, however, are those preached on by Mr., afterwards Dr., Lawson, of Selkirk, of whose congregation she seems to have been a member. He was ordained in 1771, and died in 1820. From 1787 till his death, in addition to his charge at Selkirk, he filled the Chair of Theology that had been left vacant by the famous John Brown, of Haddington. Dr. Lawson had a remarkable knowledge of the Bible. He knew it off by heart, all but some of the passages which contain nothing but names.

Margaret Laidlaw, as a rule, gives only the text, fully written out whether long or short, with the date, the place, the preacher's name, and its number in order for each year. Sometimes she adds:—"And I think his doctrine from the text was the following," or "And I think he observed the four following things."

From the 15th May, 1772, to the end of the year the sermons she heard were 29; in 1773, they were 56; in 1774, 57; and in 1775, 56. At the end of that year's list she writes:—"What I have, O Lord, wrote by my own hand, cause me to understand, and keep it in my heart—Peggy Laidlaw." For the next four years the numbers are 57, 62, 58, and 74. At the beginning of her list for 1780, under a border with "flourishes" such as one sees on the hearthstones of farmhouses, she writes:—"May the Lord impress on my mind what I am to write, and may the Lord give me understanding unto all the subjects that I may hear, and may the Lord make me a doer of the word and not a hearer only. Peggie

Laidlaw, my book for the year 1780." Then, after 65 texts, come the words:—

"Amen, 1780.

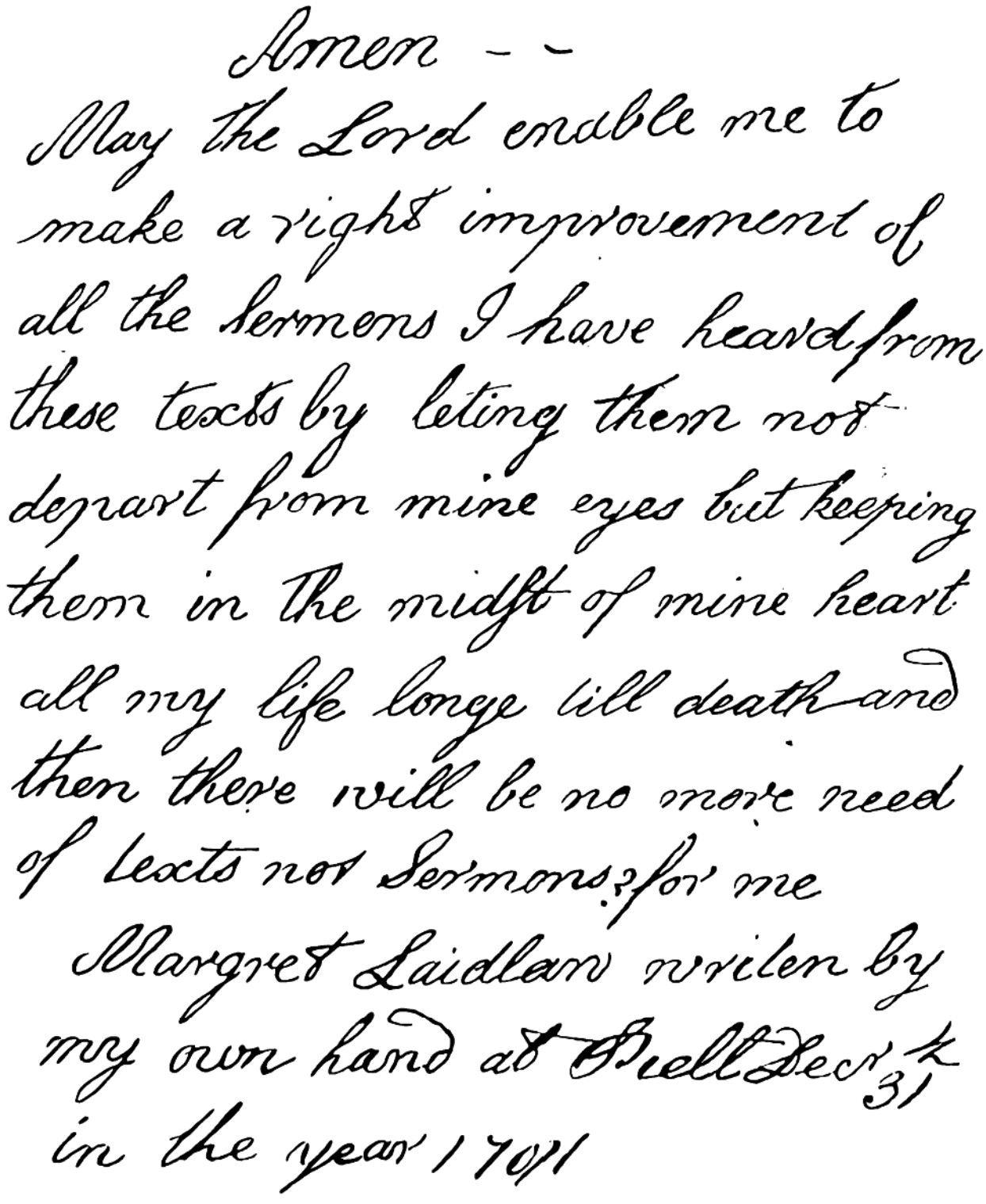
"May the Lord bless all the sermons I have heard for my edification and salvation, and the glory shall be Thine for now and for ever. Amen."

In 1781 the texts are 72, and the year after 74. And here is the last entry in the book:—

"Amen

"Lord impress all these texts and sermons on my heart, that I may be able for to practise them in my life. Margaret Laidlaw, at Piel, December 31st, 1782."

Would you like to see a specimen of her handwriting? Well, here it is, and how many of us can write half as well?



I wonder what became of Peggie —if one may be so bold as to call her that—and I wonder if God or the Angels will tell her that people on earth have been talking about her and her little book, or will God leave that for you and me to tell her ourselves either immediately after we die, or when she and we have been raised at the last day, if by God's grace we are numbered amongst His ransomed ones?

In the copy of her writing given above, in the fourth line from the end, after the word sermons, there is something which seems to be a mark of interrogation, though whether written by herself or by some reader of the book I cannot judge. But it is well that the mark is there, for I think Peggie was wrong in what she said, and I think the Covenanters were wrong when, on the scaffold, they used such phrases as "Farewell, sweet Bible." We are not done with the Word of God when we die, and we never shall be done with it. The Bible, so to speak, is only a few pages taken out of the Books of God that are written in heaven. Parts of it, such as the 2nd and the 22nd, and the 40th and the 110th Psalms, were spoken to One Another by the Three Persons of the Godhead before time was. All of it, and all else that has ever been written or said or done, that God wishes us to know, will be revealed and explained and talked about hereafter. To say there will be no Bible in heaven is just as ridiculous as to say that we ourselves shall not know one another. The Bible is bound up with our personal history, and it will be no more possible to forget it than it will be to forget our own names and all that God has done for us. And there will be sermons, too, in heaven, only as much different from those we hear now, as heaven and the dwellers there shall differ from earth and the dwellers here. Sermons are meant to tell us about Christ and the deep things of God, and that will be the work and joy of heaven—to know Jesus Christ, to find out God, to find out the Almighty unto perfection.

Children that have Something still to Learn.

3rd SERIES.

No. 4.—The Inquisitive Child.

NO one would ever think of blaming a little girl for rummaging in an old drawer. To the child the drawer is a wonderful little world. Every brooch, ever ring, every bit of silk, or print, has a delightful history of its own. We should pray God to keep our hearts and minds ever young and fresh and childlike always eager to learn. There was an American inventor named Ericsson, famous for his discoveries in connection with screw-propellers fire-engines, and turret ships, who in his old age refused to read type-written letters, or use a copying-press, and doubted all he heard about the wonders of the telephone. It is good to keep an open mind to the very last, and to die learning.

But the girl in the picture is looking at things she knows she has

no right to see. It was said of the first Napoleon that, like every great general, he knew when not to see things. So, go where we may, we find presses and rooms and drawers unlocked; the most careful will sometimes forget to lay past a private letter. Prove worthy even of the trust that is involuntarily and unintentionally committed to you. Never forget the lesson of the forbidden tree of knowledge.

A friend, who came in opportunely after these two paragraphs were in type, tells me that he has read somewhere, that the most interesting discovery a girl makes in an old drawer is perhaps this —"that her own mother was once a little girl herself."

1	M	Believing masters.—*1 Tim. 6, 2.*
2	Tu	Also upon the servants will I pour out My Spirit.—*Joel 2, 29.*
3	W	My master left me because I fell sick.—*1 Sam. 30, 13.*
4	Th	Many servants break away every man from his master.—*1. Sam. 25, 10.*
5	F	One is your Master, even Christ ;
6	S	And all ye are brethren—*Matt. 23, 8.* W. C. Oswell, African traveller, and Livingstone's best friend, went 150 miles to have a last look at the dead face of a black man who had been his servant. On his tombstone he wrote : "Trusted and never found wanting, always willing and always ready. Beloved from the head of the house to the youngest child. May God grant that master and man may meet hereafter as brothers."
7	S	There be many that say, Who will show us any good?—*Ps. 4, 6.*
8	M	Not that I have already obtained.—*Phil. 3, 12.*
9	Tu	But I press on. "Restlessness is discontent which has no ideal before it; discontent which has an ideal is progress."—*Phillips Brookes.*
10	W	Forgetting the things which are behind,
11	Th	And stretching forward unto the things which are before,
12	F	I press on toward the goal
13	S	Unto the prize of the high calling of God, in Christ.
14	S	The ship was covered with the waves ; but He was asleep.—*Matt. 8, 24.*
15	M	He giveth His beloved sleep.—*Ps. 127, 2.*
16	Tu	He That keepeth thee will not slumber.—*Ps. 121, 3.*
17	W	I slept ; I awaked ; for the Lord sustained me.—*Ps. 3, 5.*
18	Th	Surely the Lord is in this place.—*Gen. 28, 16.*
19	F	When I awake, I am still with thee.—*Ps 139, 18.* "Go with each of us to rest ; if any awake, temper to him the dark hours of watching."—*Part of R. L. Stevenson's prayer at family worship the night before he died.*
20	S	Joseph, being raised from sleep, did as the angel had bidden him.—*Matt. 1, 24.*
21	S	Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee.—*Ps. 139, 12.*
22	M	The terror by night.—*Ps. 91, 5.*
23	Tu	There is that neither day nor night seeth sleep.—*Eccl. 8, 16.*
24	W	The king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting.—*Dan. 6. 18.*
25	Th	Samson awoke. The Lord was departed from him.—*Judges 16, 20.*
26	F	The house of Mary, where many were gathered, praying.—*Acts 12, 12.*
27	S	I water my couch with my tears.—*Psalm 6. 6.* "A time of the night, not marked on ornamental clocks, that has an hour to itself on the watch which a hundred thousand or so of London women carry in their breasts, the hour when men steal homewards trickling at the mouth and drawing back from their own shadows—the drunkard's hour."—*Mr. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy.*
28	S	Jesus saith, Have ye aught to eat?—*John 21, 5 (R. V.)*
29	M	I, the Lord and the Master, have washed your feet.—*Ch. 13, 14 (R. V.)*
30	Tu	I will sup with him, and he with Me.—*Rev. 3, 20.* The wife of Edward IV., 1442-83, sat at dinner, which lasted three hours, on a gold stool by herself at her table, her ladies and lords-in-waiting kneeling all the time.

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May, 1901. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 5.

"What is it?"

The "Morning Watch" for 1899, being Vol. XII., may still be had. Price, including postage, One Shilling and Threepence.

All the other Volumes are now out of Print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Bird-nesting.

Deut. 22, 6-7.

BOYS say there is no harm in taking one egg from a nest because "birds can't count." 1. Are you sure of that? Birds, that are so well up in the higher branches such as music, are not likely to be such dunces in arithmetic. 2. They don't need to count their eggs any more than we should need to count the steps of a familiar stair if one step were missing. 3. No doubt each egg has a name. A mother does not say, "Where is my sixth child?" but, "Where's Johnnie?" So a bird says, "Where's Spottie?" 4. If the bird can't count, it can see. It is watching you. And 5. Is it right to rob people because they are poor at figures? May one pick a blind man's pocket because he can't see?

God suffered the Jews, it is true, to take the eggs, but it was because of the hardness of their hearts. Only, He said, "Let the mother bird go, that it may be well with thee." Be sure it won't be less well with you if you let the young ones go too. If you do take one of the eggs, keep it carefully and lovingly. But if you are wise, you will only look at them, and after lifting up your little sister to have a peep, go away. The next minute you will hear the mother singing, blessing both God and you.

The Hedgehog.

Out of weakness were made strong.—

Heb. 11, 34.

O lonely, clumsy Hedgehog!
Thou helpless little thing!
Thou hast no might like other folks
Of claw, or hoof, or wing.

Thou seemest so forsaken,
As if 'mongst aliens hurled;
A little Athanasius!
"Alone, against the world."

Yet, great and mighty Hedgehog!
What king is mailed like thee?
Ten thousand fixéd bayonets
Defend thee constantly.

One instant up they bristle,
Next moment lie at ease;
Don Cæsar learned from thee the trick
Of his chevaux-de frise! *

O great in mathematics!
Thy circle forms a square
Stronger than Britons make; thou art
Impenetrable there.

Forgive our unkind Shakespeare
Who called thy voice a "whine";
For every *point* thou makest tells;
Would I had voice like thine!

O little brave Elijah!
Calm faith to teach so apt;
Before God's face thou stand'st, thy head
In thy rough mantle wrapt.

* Cæsar's *Civil War*, 3, 67: Portis objectus erat ericius, A beam with stakes, literally, a hedgehog, had been placed opposite the gates.

O greatly trusting Hedgehog !
What Christian is like thee?
We hardly rest an hour ; thou sleep'st
For months contentedly.

And when God calls thee, Hedgehog,
In the spring time of the year,
Thou risest in thine armour,
A soldier without fear !

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is Better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 40.)

What is thy name?

Dorothy

The late Earl of Selborne, who refused the Lord Chancellorship of England in 1886 from conscientious scruples, had a DOROTHY ROUNDELL for his mother. Her husband, when he was dying, said to her what every good man who asks God to choose his wife for him may say, "If I had gone all the world over, Dory, I should never have found another like you." She was a great sufferer, having some spinal trouble which kept her for many a day partially deaf and blind, and wholly unable either to speak or move. Her mind happily was unimpaired, and faith in God made her "always sweet and cheerful." She bequeathed to her children this list of directions, which her great-grandfather had given to one of his daughters who was leaving home on a visit to the Continent :—

31st May, 1773—DIRECTIONS FOR MOLLY WHILST ABROAD.

1. Read a Chapter in the Bible every Morning early.
2. Then say your prayers.
3. Apply yourself to something of Business.
4. Set down every Night what you saw or heard remarkable that Day.
5. Say your Prayers, beginning and ending every Day with Applications to Almighty God.
6. Improve your playing on the Harpsichord and Singing.
7. Set down the Dishes in order at every great Dinner and Supper, and get a Receipt for every pretty Dish and learn how to make it.
8. Take great Notice of any fine House, Furniture, or Gardens, and put it into Writing that Night.
9. Observe Everyone's Carriage and Behaviour, and imitate what is commendable and avoid what is not.
10. Set Yourself to be obliging to Everyone your Equal.
11. Be not too familiar with any Servant, nor with any Man you think not fit for Your Husband ; but keep such at a due Distance.
12. Strive to be Virtuous, Good, Discreet, and Wise, and avoid Sin, Folly, and Idleness.
13. Consider well what Company you are in, and take care that you say not anything to disoblige them, or any of their Relations or Friends.
14. Say nothing before Servants that may make them uneasy in their Place.

What is thy name? Dorothy

DOROTHY MAY sailed with her husband William Bradford, one of the leaders of the Pilgrim Fathers, in the *Mayflower* in 1620, but survived the perils of that stormy voyage across the Atlantic only to be drowned by the upsetting of a small boat before she had set foot on the soil of New England.

Thomas Willet, another of the Puritan Pilgrims, had a great-granddaughter, DOROTHY QUINCY, whose portrait inspired her great-grandson, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to write these solemn verses.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land,
Mother and sister and child and wife,
And joy and sorrow and death and life!
What if a hundred years ago
Those close shut eyes had answered "No,"
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's "Yes,"
Not the light gossamer stirs with less,
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song,
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

Dr. Holmes had a grand-niece, DOROTHY Q. UPHAM, to whom, on hearing of the name that had been given her, he wrote these lines:—

Dear little Dorothy, Dorothy Q.,
What can I find to write to you?
You have two U's in your name, it's true,
And mine is adorned with a double-u,
But there's this difference in the U's,
That one you will stand a chance to lose
When a happy man of the bearded sex
Shall make it Dorothy Q. + X.

May Heaven smile bright on the blissful day
That teaches this lesson in Algebra!
When the orange-blossoms crown your head,
Then read what your old great-uncle said,
And remember how in your baby-time
He scribbled a scrap of idle rhyme—
Idle, it may be, but kindly too,
For the little lady, Dorothy Q.!

This is her Bible.

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 5.

This girl, who prides herself on being able to carry more bandboxes at a time than any other girl in Glasgow, grumbles sometimes on Sabbaths because, she says, "If you leave your Bible in Church, you might never see it again; and if you take it home with you every Sabbath, it is such an unhandy thing to carry."

Texts Suggested by a Flitting.

(A Bible Class Exercise, by Miss Annie H. Kirkwood.)

Good Reasons for Removing: Family increased. Sons doing well. Spare roomneeded. Youngfolks going away. Stairs trying to old people. Neighbourhood deteriorating. Insanitary conditions.

The place where we dwell is too strait for us. . . . We are left but a few of many. . . . Say to my father, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me. . . . From that hour that disciple took her unto his own home. . . . A lover of hospitality. . . . Afraid of that which is high. . . . Thus saith the Lord against mine evil neighbours that touch the inheritance, I will pluck out the house of Judah from among them. . . . The roof sinketh in, and the house leaketh. . . . The situation is pleasant: but the water is naught. . . . It seemeth to me there is as it were a plague in the house. . . . Exactors. . . . A raiser of taxes. . . . I have set before thee an open door.

2 Kings 6, 1
Jer. 42, 2
Gen. 45, 9
John 19, 27
Titus 1, 8
Eccl. 12, 5
Jer. 12, 14
Eccl. 10, 18 (R.V.)
2 Kings 2, 19
Lev. 14, 35
Is. 60, 17
Dan. 11, 20
Rev. 3, 8

Bad Reasons: An ambitious wife. We'll be further from the church, but "business is business."

Given to change. . . . I have no room where to bestow my fruits. . . . Solomon made an house for Pharaoh's daughter, whom he had taken to wife. . . . Lot beheld the plain of Jordan that it was well watered, and pitched his tent toward Sodom. . . . Jonah rose up to flee from the presence of the Lord.

Prov. 24, 21
Luke 12, 17
1 Kings 7, 8
Gen. 13, 10
Jonah 1, 3

When people come to view the house.

We are true men; thy servants are no spies. . . . Be courteous. . . . Ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers. . . . Come in. . . . Shew the house; and let them measure the pattern. Shew them the form of the house, and the fashion thereof, and the goings out thereof, and the comings in thereof. . . . Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie?

Gen. 42, 11
1 Pet. 3, 8
Ex. 23, 9
Gen. 24, 31
Ezek. 43, 10
Acts 5, 3

"House-hunting": Find out if there is a good minister in the place.

O Lord God, send me good speed this day. . . . The ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them, to search out a resting place for them. . . . Behold, there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honourable man.

Gen. 24, 12
Num. 10, 33
Josh. 3, 4
1 Sam. 9, 6

Preparing for the flitting. "Where did that come from?"

Sanctify yourselves; take away the accursed thing from among you. . . . Prepare thee stuff for removing. . . . A householder bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old. . . . I have found the piece which I had lost. . . . Alas, master, it was borrowed! . . . There is much rubbish. . . . Whose end is to be burned.

Josh. 7, 13
Ezek. 12, 3
Matt. 13, 52
Luke 15, 9
2 Kings 6, 5
Neh. 4, 10
Heb. 6, 8

Inventory.

Tell me, What hast thou in the house? . . . Brazen grate and all his vessels. . . . Pans to receive ashes. . . . Cups, pots, brazen vessels, tables. . . . Nine and twenty knives. . . . Beds, couches. . . . A bedstead of iron. . . . Chests bound with cords, made of cedar. . . . White, green, and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple. . . . Spindle. . . . Looking-glasses. . . . Pleasant pictures. . . . Musical instruments, and that of all sorts. . . . Sundial. . . . There is none end of the store, the glory of all pleasant furniture. . . . Ten changes of raiment. . . . Hosen, tunics, mantles. . . . Bonnets. . . . Jewels, ankle-chains, bracelets, signet-rings, earrings, armlets. . . . Cage full of birds. . . . Books, especially the parchments.

2 Kings 4, 2
Ex. 35, 16
Ex. 27, 4
1 Kings 7, 45
Mark 7, 4
Deut. 3, 11
Ezra 1, 9
Amos 6, 4
Ezek. 27, 24
Esther 1, 16
Is. 2, 16; 38, 8
Eccl. 2, 8
Nah. 2, 9 R.V.
Dan. 3, 21

Ex. 39, 28; 31, 50 Jer. 5, 27 2 Tim. 4, 13

Flitting day; its trials and temptations: Rain, men late, etc. Don't omit family worship.

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. It is vain for you to eat the bread of sorrows. . . . Pray that your flight be not in the winter. . . . Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. . . . When he saw the wagons the spirit of Jacob revived. . . . They bind heavy burdens, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. . . . Your carriages were heavy loaden; they are a burden to the weary beast. . . . In that day shall the nail that was fastened in a sure place give way, and the burden that was upon it shall be cut off. . . . Vessels broken to shivers.

Ps. 127, 1
Mark 13, 18
Luke 10, 41
Gen. 45, 27
Matt. 23, 4
Is. 46, 1
Is. 22, 25
Rev. 2, 27

When quitting the old house: Tidy it; leave a kindling for the new tenant; and sing and

They shall take away the ashes. . . . What woman doth not sweep the house? . . . As soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there. . . . Surely the Lord is in this place,

Num. 4, 13
Luke 15, 8
John 21, 9
Gen. 28, 16
Ezra 8, 21
John 14, 31

pray.	and I knew it not. . . . We sought of God a right way for us, for our little ones, and for all our substance.* . . . Arise let us go hence. . . . When they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.	Matt. 26, 30
On the road: The neighbours say, "Good-bye."	Departed, being recommended unto the grace of God. . . . I trust I shall shortly see thee. . . . Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him.	Acts 15, 40 3 John 14 Gen. 32, 1
The new house: The Bible the first thing to be carried in.	Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and the King of glory shall come in. . . . Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest; Thou, and the ark of Thy strength. . . Abram removed his tent, and built an altar unto the Lord.	Ps. 24, 7 Ps. 132, 8 Gen. 13, 18
Thoughts at night: Things not very comfortable. No more flittings for a while! "Three removes as bad as a fire."	Be content with such things as ye have. . . . The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. . . . She laid Him in a manger. . . . In the same house remain. Go not from house to house.	Heb. 13, 5 Matt. 8, 20 Luke 2, 7 Luke 10, 7
But this is not your rest.	Man goeth to his long home. . . . Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? . . . I go to prepare a place for you; and I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.	Eccl. 12, 5 Luke 12, 20 John 14, 2

* This was Mr. Robinson's text when the Pilgrim Fathers set sail from Holland. Dr. Andrew Bonar always read it, too, when setting out with his family on their yearly holiday.

Children that have Something still to Learn.

3rd SERIES.

No. 5.—The Boys that torment little Dogs.

WHEN Scampie was young he bade fair to take a high place amongst Skye Terriers alike for beauty and temper and intelligence. He was a dog in fact like the one Parson Russell spoke of, when he said it was such a dog as he had previously only seen in his dreams. Unhappily some messages boys took to teasing him every time they passed his way. Once or twice, by accident; they hurt him rather badly. And so his temper was spoilt. He snapped and snarled at everybody except his master. Then, one day, he actually bit a little girl who came running up to him with a chocolate. From that hour he was condemned to wear a muzzle, which to a dog is even worse than gloves to a boy. Moreover, his character was gone. He was spoken of as that nasty little creature that bit all the little girls in the Crescent. He could bite nobody now, but he could still

snarl and growl. He was the terror of all visitors. He rose

Stiff with wrath,
When any alien crossed the path.

Inside the house he crept under one's chair and kept grr—GRR—GRR-ing away in such sort as made comfort impossible, and conversation neither intelligible nor intelligent.

. . . . .

When his seventh year had come —and he grew old before his time— he was lying in the sun one day beside an English terrier that lived some doors off. He, too, had had his trials. When he was but six months old a stone thrown at him, as boys say, "in fun" had knocked out his eye. He got a glass one in its place—for I have seen it—but that only darkened his whole life and was a constant source of trouble and misunderstanding. His mistress was a widow lady of fortune, who fed him on biscuits and beafsteak specially ordered, specially cooked, and specially served. But the lady was shortly to be married again, and the poor dog must go, through the "expulsive power of a new affection."

"I say," said Scampie to him, "I've been thinking. I've been watching other dogs this while, and it is dawning on me that you and I have both made a great mistake. Do you know I believe that these boys whom you and I took to be our enemies, wanting only to torment us, really wished to be our friends and make fun with us! I see now that there are *many kinds of humour in the world*, maybe not all equally good, but all equally meant for good. Those boys who shook their baskets at us long ago did it in jest, and we thought they did it in anger and ill-will. They are grown-up men now. I often see them passing. They are really fine fellows, and we misjudged them."

"But even suppose it is so," said the other dog, "what is the use of finding that out now? It's too late! I hear that you and I are both to be taken to a Home next week where there's a lethal chamber. I don't know what *lethal* means, but I don't like the sound of the word. I thought I knew what *Home* meant, and I was very well content with the meaning that I gave it. But evidently neither of us knew anything. And it's too late now!"

"No, no," said Scampie; "if we had only one hour to live, it is worth our while to own that we have been in the wrong. We couldn't spend our last hour better. But if we have still a week, we can do more. For my part, I have given my last growl; and I'll go and tell all the other dogs, and specially the young ones that I meet, the big mistake I've made. I'll tell them that there are as many kinds of fun and humour in the world as there are dogs and men, and that one's own favourite kind is not necessarily the best; but above all I shall tell them to be slow to judge, and to put a good construction, if possible, on everything that anybody says or does."

. . . . .

The two dogs began that very day to carry out their resolution, and so make the most of the few days they had to live. And so much did they improve not only in temper, but even in appearance, that when the man from the Home came for them on the Tuesday after, he was told their owners had changed their minds and meant to keep the dogs a little longer. That is two years since, and only last week I saw two message boys tickling the hairy soles of Scampie's feet, and as much to his delight as theirs.

Sheets of Hyacinth
That seemed the heavens upbreaking through the earth.

—Tennyson.

1	W	Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
2	TH	Praise ye the Lord. (The last words in the Book of Psalms.)
3	F	Why art thou cast down, O my soul?—*Ps. 42, 5.*
4	S	Hope thou in God "Some excellent people say they dare not hope. To me it seems much more impious to despair."—*Sydney Smith.*
5	S	I consider Thy heavens.—*Ps. 8, 3.* At the Palace Beautiful "they laid Christian in a large upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace."
6	M	And as Jacob passed over Penuel, the sun rose upon him.—*Gen. 32, 31.*
7	TU	The sun made obeisance to me.—*Ch. 37, 9.* "I see the sunrise out of my bed, which I still value as a tonic, a perpetual tuning-fork, a look of God's Face across the day."—*R. L. Stevenson's Letters.*
8	W	Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. —*Judges 5, 31.*
9	TH	The sun rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.—*Ps. 19, 5.*
10	F	The sun knoweth his going down.—*Ps. 104, 19.*
11	S	The city had no need of the sun; the Lamb is the light thereof.—*Rev. 21, 23.*
12	S	From a babe thou hast known the sacred writings.—*2 Tim. 3, 15 (R.V.)*
13	M	Teach these words diligently unto thy children,—*Deut. 6, 7.*
14	TU	Talk of them. "When I was not much taller than a wicket, I used to wonder what were the hard cuts, leg hits, and long drives, about which my father and mother and brothers were constantly talking."—*W. G. Grace's Cricketing Reminiscences.*
15	W	Your children shall say, What mean ye by this service?—*Ex. 12, 26.*
16	TH	Our fathers have told us.—*Ps. 78, 4.*
17	F	We will not hide them from the generation to come.
18	S	Truly I am Thy servant, the son of Thine handmaid.—*Ps. 116, 16.*
19	S	The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp,—*Deut. 23, 14.*
20	M	Therefore shall thy camp be holy; no unclean thing in thee.
21	TU	Jacob said unto his household, Be clean.—*Gen. 35, 2.*
22	W	I will search Jerusalem with candles.—*Zeph. 1, 12.*
23	TH	The difference between the holy and the common.—*Ezek. 44, 23 (R.V.)*
24	F	There is much rubbish.—*Neh. 4, 10.* Sir Geo. Airy, Astronomer-Royal, when old, took such care of trifles that Prof. de Morgan said of him in jest, that "if he wiped his pen on a piece of blotting paper, he would write the date on the back of it, and what he used it for, and file it away amongst his papers."
25	S	Make the fire hot, that the rust may be consumed.—*Ezek. 24, 10 (R.V.)*
26	S	I am a sinful man, O Lord.—*Luke 5, 8.*
27	M	We all stumble.—*Jas. 3, 2.* "What sort of player are you?" a stranger in a team was asked. "I'm not a W. G. Grace, but I may tell you I have never made a 0." "Put him in last," said Pooley, "he can't have seen much cricket."
28	TU	All come short of the glory of God.—*Rom. 3, 23.*
29	W	Where is boasting then? It is excluded.—*v. 27.*
30	TH	With the Lord there is mercy.—*Ps. 130, 7.*
31	F	My soul shall make her boast in the Lord.—*Ps. 34, 2.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 6.

Children that have Something still to Learn.

No. 6.—The Boy that sits and lets a Woman stand.

The "Morning Watch" for 1899, being Vol. XII., may still be had. Price, including postage, One Shilling and Threepence.

All the other Volumes are now out of Print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.—Eph. 3, 20.

SIR ALGERNON WEST, K.C.B., tells a pretty story in his *Reminiscences* of the late Earl Granville, a man so soft and kindly in his speech and manner that he was known amongst his intimates as 'Pussy.' A common friend named Ashburnham had died. When his furniture came to be sold, Mr. West, as he then was, pointed out to Lord Granville a particular arm-chair which he wished to buy as a memorial of his friend.

"That is very unfortunate," said Lord Granville, "for I specially wish to buy that chair myself."

Mr. West, of course, gave way at once. But next morning the chair was handed in at his door with a note in Lord Granville's writing—"A present from me to your little boy Horace."

Now, if you who are young would only believe us who are old, that is the kind of thing God often does. We tell Him about something that we would like, and He says "No," and gives no reason. But if we humbly and willingly submit, He often gives us that very thing in His own time and way, so graciously, and with so many additions of love, that we are glad He disappointed us at first.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is Better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 52).

What is thy name?

Dorothy

There is a monument in Ludford Church, England, to DOROTHY, wife of Job Charlton of Ludford House, heiress of William Blunden of Bishop's Castle, with this inscription :—

> She was in her sphere a great example and encourager of Virtue and piety; much conversant in the Holy Scriptures, but without affectation to show. She had a Christian Valour and Constancy of Mind which no Wind of Doctrine nor Discontinence of the Times could shake, yet with Pleasantness and much Meekness of Spirit, a deep and serious Love to all her relations, yet without Fondness. [That means foolish fondness.] Her private Devotions, pious Nurture of her Children, and offices of Charity (in all which she was eminent) took up the most of her time. But she was most delighted in the times of Public Worship. Thus having finished her course in the short time of 29 years and 8 months she fulfilled a long time and the Lord took her from the evils to come on the 21 Feb 1658.

DORA is a short form of Dorothy. Let me commend to you the motto of DORA GREENWELL, the poetess, 1821-1882, *Et teneo et teneor*, I both hold and am held, that is, I have a grip of Christ and He has a grip of me. Mr. Spurgeon chose this as the motto of his Pastors' College.

What is thy name?

Dorothy

DOROTHY PETRE, 1534-1618, was married to Nicholas Wadham, a Somersetshire gentleman. "We read of Ahab," says Thomas Fuller, "that he sold himself to work wickedness, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up; but this worthy man gave himself over to all actions of bounty and charity, whom his wife, answering her name, encouraged therein. He founded, she finished, both richly endowed, Wadham College in Oxford."

The beauty of the name DOROTHY has tempted one to linger too long over it. A few words about two or three others who have borne it must suffice. Algernon Sidney the statesman, Handel the musician, Sir Joseph Banks the naturalist, had all a Dorothea for their mother. So too had Thomas Gray the poet. His mother was a milliner named ANTROBUS. On her grave he wrote these words: "The careful tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." In one of his letters he says, "In one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother—a trite observation, but I never discovered it till it was too late."—David Brainerd, 1718-1747, missionary to the American Indians, and friend of the famous Jonathan Edwards, was the son of DOROTHY HOBART. Her father's first name was Jeremiah, and he had four brothers—Joshua, Gershom, Japheth, and Nehemiah. Their father was a minister who had to flee from England to America during the persecution of the Puritans, and if you bear that in mind and know your Bibles well, these five names will not seem so very ridiculous after all. The man who so named his children was evidently thinking of what God had been to other men all through history, in their times of loneliness and trial. I have never known, personally, a Jeremiah, or a Gershom, or a Japheth; but once, acting for a minister who was ill, I had to baptize a child whose parents had given it, in honour of its two grandfathers, the names of "Joshua Moses." And though I would think thrice before I should recommend Nehemiah as a name for a boy, I like it, partly because Nehemiah was one of my earliest heroes—our schoolmaster, a Mr. James Jeffrey, gave us some rare Bible lessons about him—and partly because I was very intimate with a good man who once said to me, that, if he got to heaven, two of the men there he would like best to see were Nathanael and Nehemiah.

Lastly, I should like you to know about DOROTHY MAYOR, the wife of Oliver Cromwell's son Richard. Before the marriage there had been some little difficulty, on her father's part, about the money that was to be settled on her. To Cromwell himself, as was fit and proper, the all-important question was as to "the gentlewoman's worth and piety." After the marriage he wrote very beautifully to her: "I like to see anything from your hand; because, indeed, I stick not to say I do entirely love you. I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you,—for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto.

What is thy name? Dorothy

I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this life, and outward business, let that be upon the bye." A year afterwards we find in Carlyle's book another homely kindly letter from the Protector, in which he chides her for not telling him more about her baby son, or as he playfully calls him, "the little Brat." She died in 1675, her husband thirty-seven years after, in 1712.

Edith.

EDITH, it is said, means gladness or happiness.

Some of you have read bits of "Alice in Wonderland." It was composed and written to please the three daughters, of whom Edith was the youngest, of Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Many of you, both boys and girls, will some day soon, I hope, be buying "Liddell & Scott," the great Greek dictionary that goes by his name, a book he continued to correct and improve for four-and-fifty years. If ever you go to Oxford you may see, in the Cathedral there, poor Edith's monument. "She gave up her soul to God on the 26th June, 1876," so the inscription says, "taken away suddenly, having been betrothed scarcely five days before to a young man of most constant faith. Ave Dulcissina, Dilectissima Ave" [Farewell Sweetest, Most Beloved Farewell].

There was an EDITH, daughter of King Edgar of England, one of whose sayings is recorded. Being reproved for dressing beautifully, she said, "Rags may cover sins as well as robes."

She will do her husband good, and not evil. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.—Prov. 31, 12, 26.

THE Warden, or Head, of Wadham College, Oxford, mentioned above, from 1831 to 1871, was one Benjamin Symons, or Big Ben, as they called him. He had a number of favourite stories which, as he grew old, he told oftener than was really needful. One morning at breakfast, when one of these had been told at great length, a freshman, that is a new student, very foolishly remarked, "I was told, Sir, that you would be sure to tell us that story this morning."

The Warden, of course, was greatly taken aback, but before he had time fully to realise his own astonishment, Mrs. Symons wisely interposed, saying, "I am very glad to find the good Warden's words are so treasured in College."

This same Mrs. Symons had what she called "a missionary cow," that is, the money got for its milk was all given to missions. And as it was fed on grass in the choicest part of the Warden's garden, for, like the virtuous woman in Proverbs, "she had considered a field," it is to be hoped that those students who consented to buy this special milk, paying a penny per quart above the market price for it, perceived that her merchandise was good and praised her for her works in the gates.

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 6.

This girl has a season-ticket to the Glasgow Exhibition, and enjoys nothing so much as riding on the Switch-back Railway. "It is such fun," she says, "to hear women screaming, especially those from the country." But she dislikes going to Church, because, "Twice within the last year a girl who sits in the third seat behind her has fainted, and it has made her quite nervous."

When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence.
—Deut. 22, 8.

ONE of my windows faces the gable of an adjoining house, and I have had for some days past the delightful chance of watching two sparrows, unseen by them, from a distance of ten feet. The plaster on the wall has given way at a point where there is a slight hollow in the stone behind. This hollow evidently extends for seven or eight inches to the right of the hole made by the fallen plaster. The hen-bird, when house-hunting, discovered this cavity, and like a good wife reported it at once to her husband. He was greatly taken by it, and had an afternoon's glory telling his companions on the house-top what a rare find he had made. He had sent his wife, he said, to give it a preliminary cleaning before he began to build the nest. It was only fair she should put to her hand and do something, though, ten to one, he would have to clean it himself after her.

Meantime she had found out, after a little examination, that the place would not do for a nest. The plaster that still stood was as thin as a wafer. Her bill had gone through it at a touch. It was exposed, further, to the east wind, and if a heavy rain fell they would be flooded out. And most fatal objection of all, if their little ones fell out, there was a sheer drop of nearly twenty feet on to a paved road. She knew how restless fledglings were. Last year one had tumbled from its nest on the wall on to the grass, and had broken nearly every bone in its body. No; they must find another place.

Her husband was very angry when she told him, and said it was pretty hard on him after all he had done to find his wife so discontented. Did she wish to affront him before the other sparrows? That was where their nest was to be, and she must waste no more time.

So the poor bird had to set to, while he sat on a pipe that ran close by and told her to hurry up. She,

poor creature, cleaned and digged away, every now and then coming out and dropping a little stone over the edge, and watching, and hoping

he was watching too, how long the stone was in falling. He was too obstinate, however, to yield, and bade her not spend quite so much

time enjoying the view. Then he would fly off for a little to his companions, and tell them that digging in stone was hard work; he was well nigh choked with lime; and his shoulder-blades were sore with burrowing. Then, after an hour's gossip and an hour's feeding and a two hours' sleep, he came back. His wife, begrimed with dust and sweat, begged him to come in and look at the place for himself; it simply would not do. But he only scowled at her, and threatened her, and bade her work harder. And so it went on for a whole week, while he gossipped and bragged and ate and drank and slept. Then more of the plaster gave way, and not even he could dare to ask her to go on.

The other birds by this time were well forward with their nests. He was loud in his complainings. He had toiled, he said, harder than ever he had done in his life; had got such a lovely place almost ready, but he had gone out for a breath of fresh air—for working amongst the lime reminded him of that occasion when he had to go down a sooty chimney after that stupid wife of his who had somehow or other tumbled in (I should like to hear *her* version of that incident)—and when he came back, he found she had broken down all the plaster through sheer carelessness, if indeed it was not done designedly. It was rather trying to see a fortnight's labour thrown away, and the weather the finest he had ever seen. He would have to go and hunt for another place, when all the best locations had been taken up, and not unlikely his wife would make some other blunder. Last year his most promising little one had fallen out of the nest and been killed all through her carelessness. He really did not know what to do.

. . . . . .

"Well, then, I'll tell you," said an old sparrow who had been sitting a few yards off listening to him. "We have been watching you and your ongoings for the last few weeks, and we are just about sick of your boasting and your lying and your idleness and your cruelty

to your wife. I say, we have been watching you, and this morning when you were sound asleep we were talking, and wondering what was to be done. Some of us were for settling the matter there and then! But for your wife's sake—though what she loves you for is more than any of us can make out—I say for *her* sake, we have agreed to give you other thirty-six hours of a chance, and if things don't improve in that time, and improve *very considerably*, you are to be pecked to death to-morrow night at sunset. So, Friend, if you wish very much to know what you are to do, I'm telling you. Take off your coat, and work like a man, and hold your tongue from this hour onwards. Thirty-six hours! remember, and let me tell you, by the way, that there are more than forty of us that have entered into this conspiracy."

How to Open and Shut a Door.

These things saith He That openeth, and none shall shut, and That shutteth, and none openeth: behold, I have set before thee a door opened.

—Rev. 3, 7 (R.V.)

IT was said of the late Mr. Easton, Reformed Presbyterian minister at Stranraer, a man of singularly gentlemanly manner and appearance, that no matter who it was that called on him, or when it was, summer or winter, by day or by night, at two in the morning or at five in the morning, if it was he that opened the door, and of course it was always he who did it through the night, *he opened his door right to the wall.* He might have put on the lintel what some nobleman put on his long ago—"My house and yours," that is to say, all comers were welcome.

I think that is the way Christ would have opened the door of His house, if He had had one while He was on earth. It is certainly the way He opens His heart to us. One of the words that sum up His character is *Come.* Whosoever will, let him come. Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

I don't like the man who is standing at the door in the picture. I fear he is one of those bad men who sell sham jewelry and mock bargains, and tempt women to buy things they have no need of by offering to take payment in instalments. But the woman behind the door tempts him by showing she is afraid. If she is a brave wise woman, whose mind is made up, she will open the door fearlessly, and then, seeing who it is, shut it quietly and promptly. Yes, *quietly.* There was a woman in the United States of America who, when her husband tried for a second term of office as President and was defeated, showed her temper so much when she was leaving Washington, that, for a time at least, she was known as the woman "who left the White House with a bang." It is almost always bad form to bang to the door.

And yet, shut it *promptly*, not suffering your will, as Dr. Chalmers did his Beadle, to hesitate, when he had to say, "John, shut the door." "I say, John, finally, SHUT THE DOOR!" "I say, John, finally and

conclusively, SHUT THE DOOR!"

And if you are bidding good-bye to anyone, at least to anyone whom you respect or like, it is good manners not to shut the door till he is out of sight, or, better still,

out of hearing. It means that you are sorry to part with him; it leaves room for another word, for one more kindly "Farewell!"

Children that have Something still to Learn.

3rd SERIES.

No. 6.—The Boy that sits and lets a woman stand.

[See Frontispiece.]

LONG long ago one day in Athens, at a public meeting, there was an old man who could not find a seat. And the young Athenians made sport of him, and rising in their places called him to come to them as though there was room for him there. But when he came, they sat down and laughed at him again. Now there were present at that assembly Ambassadors from Lacedæmon, that is Sparta, and when they saw the things that were happening, they rose up in their places of honour, where Ambassadors were wont to sit, and beckoned to the old man, and they sat not down again till he had taken his place amongst them. This they did because the Spartans always rose up before the hoary head, and honoured the face of the old man. And the Athenians long remembered that which the Ambassadors had done.

So runs the old and well-known story.

It is a boy's duty and honour to offer his seat, in a car or in a train or at any meeting, not only to any woman or old man, but even to any grown-up man who may be standing. It is a girl's duty, too.

But is it not the rule in business — "First come, first served?" Well, I suppose that is what the men said who refused to give up their places in the inn at Bethlehem when Joseph and Mary came. Had they but known it, to have given place to them would have been making way for the King of Glory.

Very possibly, for it often happens, the woman to whom you give up your seat will not thank you, either by word or look. In which case I am not sure that it is not the duty of the oldest man present to say to her, with a smile, especially if she be very grandly dressed, "Now, what do you say to the little gentleman for that?" But if no one says or looks anything, neither must you. It is enough for you to know that you have done your duty, and to remember the words of our Lord—It is more blessed to give than to receive. If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do the same. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is kind unto the unthankful and the evil.

I have been in the meadows all the day,
And gathered there the nosegay that you see,
Singing within myself, as bird or bee,
When such do field-work on a morn in May.

—*Mrs. Browning's "Irreparableness."*

1	S	My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—*Prov. 1, 10.* "The Caledonian Station, Edinburgh—there I met Satan."—*R. L. Stevenson's Letters.*
2	S	We will go with you; we have heard that God is with you.—*Zech. 8, 23.*
3	M	Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.—*Num. 10, 29.*
4	Tu	What goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will we do unto thee.
5	W	Rabbi, where dwellest Thou? He saith, Come and see.—*John 1, 38.*
6	Th	Philip saith unto Nathanael, Come and see.—*v. 46.*
7	F	Let him that heareth say, Come.—*Rev. 22, 17.* "I declare that your open invitation to any friend of mine to come and stay with you is the most touching mark of confidence I ever received."—*Huxley's Letters.*
8	S	Jesus said, Bring him hither to Me.—*Matt. 17, 17.*
9	S	It is good for me to draw near to God.—*Ps. 73, 28.*
10	M	I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am;
11	Tu	That they may behold My glory.—*John 17, 24.*
12	W	There was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples.—*Ch. 13, 23.*
13	Th	If any man open the door, I will come in to him,
14	F	And I will sup with him, and he with Me.—*Rev. 3, 20.*
15	S	And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?—*2 Sam. 7, 19.* "An Undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford, happened to step on to Dr. Gaisford's hearthrug when speaking to him. 'Get down from my hearthrug,' said the Dean, meaning, Keep at your proper distance."—*Max Müller's Autobiography.*
16	S	Job feared God, and eschewed evil.—*Job 1, 1.*
17	M	Take thought for things honourable in the sight of all men.—*Rom. 12, 17 (R. V.)*
18	Tu	Let our people learn to profess honest occupations.—*Titus 3, 14 (R. V. margin).*
19	W	Pay thy debt.—*2 Kings 4, 7.* "This day I paid all my debts to a farthing, O blessed day!"—*Evelyn's Diary, 19th June, 1653.*
20	Th	And live thou and thy children of the rest.—"If a man has but a shilling a day, he should live on tenpence, and lay by twopence."—*Admiral Lord St. Vincent to an officer who said he needed to borrow money.*
21	F	Render to all their dues.—*Rom. 13, 7.*
22	S	Pay thy vows unto the Most High.—*Ps. 50, 14.*
23	S	O Lord, how long?—*Ps. 6, 3.*
24	M	Remember how short my time is.—*Ps. 89, 47.*
25	Tu	He knoweth our frame.—Frederick the Great, sitting once longer than usual in a porch of his palace, noticed the two grenadiers on duty there standing, arms grounded, motionless as statues, on account of his presence. Beckoning one of them he said, "Walk up and down as if I was not here. You cannot stand on one spot as long as I can sit."
26	W	He remembereth that we are dust.—*Ps. 103, 14.*
27	Th	God heard their groaning and remembered His covenant.—*Ex. 2, 24.*
28	F	It is time for Thee, Lord, to work.—*Ps. 119, 126.*
29	S	Jesus said, It is not for you to know the times.—*Acts 1, 7.*
30	S	I will wait upon the Lord That hideth His face.—*Is. 8, 17.*

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All the other volumes are now out of Print.

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THE Rev. C. L. Dodgson who wrote *Alice in Wonderland* had a great friend, a Miss Adelaide Paine. They first met at Margate. "One piece of advice which he gave to my parents," she says, "gave me very great glee, and that was, not to make little girls wear gloves at the sea-side. They took his advice, and I enjoyed the result." I hope, though she does not say so, that the next thing he taught them was that little girls at the coast or in the country should also do without either boots or shoes. Some wise men would even go further than that, and say that no boy or girl should wear them anywhere in summer, unless perhaps at church. The late Mr. T. A. Brown, the Oxford and Clifton scholar, writing from Bayreuth in Bavaria in 1894 says, "The children here go barefoot. That has cheered me considerably." That is one of the trials of us who are grown up, that we must get boots and wear them even though we cannot pay for them!

Little Penelope Fraser, I am glad to say, has a wise mother who allows her to run about barefoot all day. Her feet in consequence will perhaps be half-a-size bigger when she grows up than they would otherwise have been, but they will be useful feet, not afraid of a twenty-mile walk, and further—which ought to be some comfort to her—they will be the size and shape God meant them to be. And all her body will be strong and healthy in proportion.

And oh! the delight of wading; to feel the cool water in the heat; to find something solid that resists us, and yet resists us gently, and that always yields with a merry grace; and oh! the joy of splashing and the sense of power it gives; and the minnows nibbling at one's toes; or, if one is wading in the sea, the sweet shock of trampling on a wriggling flounder!

I wonder how many and how deep will be the waters through which Penelope must pass in the days that are to come. When the late Lord Houghton's mansion-house was destroyed by fire, he wrote to a friend, "My daughters have lost their letters, their journals, their mother's jewelry, their love-letters—if they have any—their keepsakes, photographs of the dead and living, every scrap and every memorial of their past lives, their birthday presents, their early poems—but," he added, "they have their lives before them." So with little Penelope. Many are the waters she will see flow past her. "For the flow of life in the streets," said a wise man once, "is sublimer than the tides of the sea." And many will be the waters she must herself pass through, waters no longer only to the ankles, but up to the knees, and then to the loins, and then waters risen, waters to swim in. But if she has a hold of Christ's hand, she need fear no evil. Jordan may overflow all its banks, but if the

ark of the covenant goes before her, Jordan will either be driven back, or she and Christ will walk upon the waters; but, one way or another, it will be found she has passed clean over.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 64.)

What is thy name?

Edith

The poet Southey had a daughter, EDITH, who died in 1871, aged sixty-seven. When she was a girl, Charles Lamb wrote a sonnet on her name. Tastes differ, and some of us, at least, will not agree with all he says about the names he mentions.

In Christian world MARY the garland wears,
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears.

Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines!
What air of fragrance ROSAMOND throws round!
How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound!
Of MARTHAS and of ABIGAILS, few lines

Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely JOAN be fashion'd. But can
You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN!
And is not CLARE for love excuse enough?

Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less.

Eleanor

ELEANOR, which is said to mean *light*, was a common name in England many centuries ago.

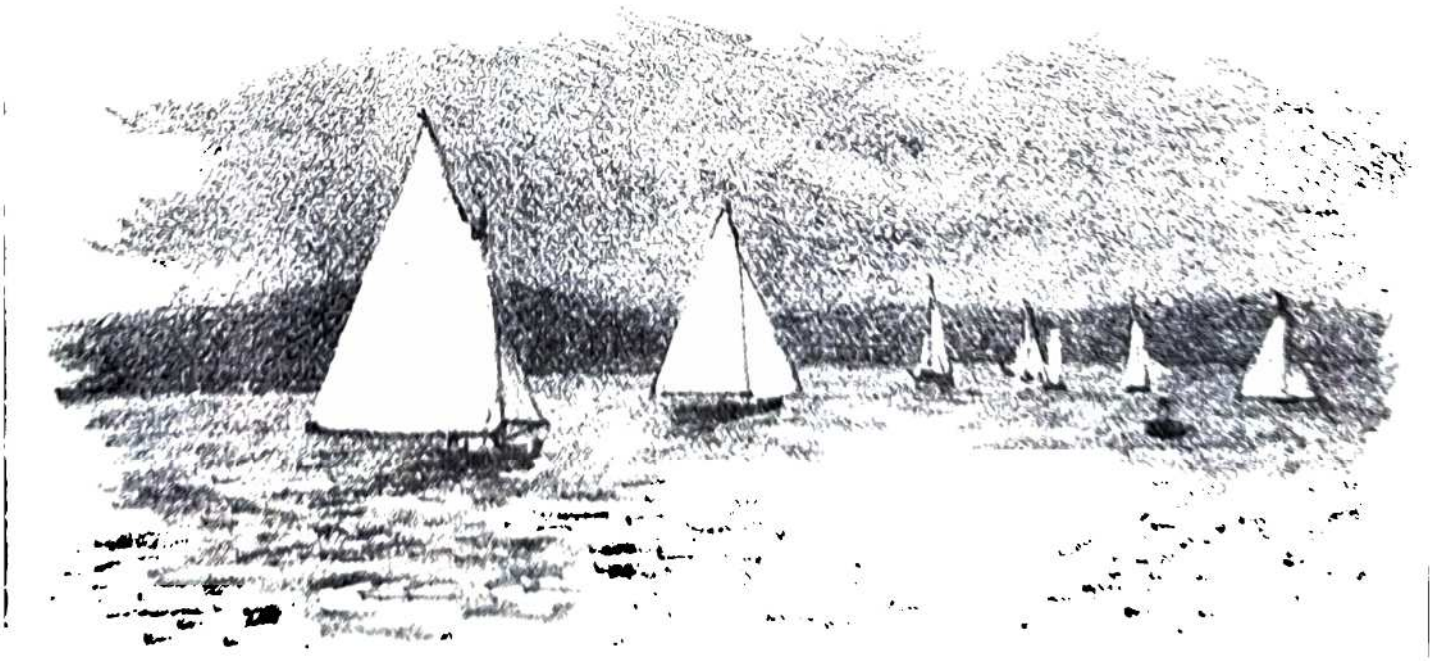
ELEANOR OF CASTILE was the wife of Edward I. It is she about whom the story, now considered fabulous, used to be told, that she sucked the poison from her husband's arm when he was wounded by an assassin in the Holy Land. She seems rather to have lost all self-control on the occasion. The surgeon recommended an operation, and the King was willing, while she resisted it so stoutly that she had to be borne out of the chamber screaming. "Better," she was told, in words that remind us of what John Knox said long afterwards to Queen Mary, "Better that she should scream and cry than all England should lament." Edward was on his way to Scotland when she died at Grantham in 1290, in the forty-seventh year of her age. "I loved her tenderly while she was living," he wrote in a letter, "and I do not cease to love her now that she is dead." He followed her corpse all the way to London, and afterwards caused a monument to be set up on the spot in each of the thirteen towns where the bier had halted for a night.

What is thy name?

Eleanor

ELEANOR PORDEN was the name of the first wife of Sir John Franklin, the explorer. They were married in 1823 after a brief engagement, but he had evidently formed a strong affection for her some years before. It was found out afterwards that he had named some islands in the Arctic seas the Porden Group, striving with charming inconsistency one year to perpetuate the name which he was hoping some other year to extinguish. When they married it was on the distinct understanding that she would never, under any circumstances, seek to turn him aside from the duty he owed to his country and his profession, and right worthily did she keep her vow. When he set sail for North America in February, 1825, in command of an expedition whose purpose it was to reach the Arctic Ocean by way of the Mackenzie River—the voyage that afterwards brought him his knighthood—she had been for many months in feeble health, but was seemingly getting stronger every day. They parted full of hope, he taking with him a silk Union Jack which she had made with her own hands, which was not to be unfurled till he had successfully reached the open sea. She died six days after, but as the news did not reach him for some months, he continued to write letters to her, committing her and their little daughter to God. When he had accomplished the descent of the Mackenzie River, the news of her death having reached him some time before, he unfolded and displayed her flag. "You can imagine," he wrote to a friend, "it was with heartfelt emotion I first saw it unfurled; but in a short time I derived great pleasure in looking at it."

Miss Porden wrote several volumes of poetry. She was fond of scholars and men of science, and yet had all that knowledge of housework that a good wife ought to have. One day, the story goes, when she was present with some friends at a lecture, some one said it would be better if young ladies would stay at home and make a pudding. "We did that before we came out," was her answer.



For how many soever be the promises of God, in Jesus Christ is the Yea: wherefore also through Him is the Amen, unto the glory of God through us.—2 Cor. 1, 20 (R.V.)

IN the English Literature Class in Glasgow University I once heard a student read part of an essay, whose first sentence began thus: "It may, perhaps, be safely affirmed with, at least, some measure of truth, that in certain circumstances which might conceivably occur—" The student was leaving himself a good many back-doors, more intent on securing a line of retreat, or delaying his advance, than on doing anything else. We were not surprised when Professor Nichol began to laugh, saying, "This is evidently going to be a pretty cautious statement!"

That was the way the Scribes taught long ago; they never would commit themselves to any thing. Christ, on the other hand, taught with authority, giving straightforward, decisive, unambiguous answers to all questioners. That is one reason why He calls Himself The Amen, The faithful and true Witness.

But in Jesus Christ is the *Yea*, or *Yes*. What does that mean?

Sir M. E. Grant Duff, in the latest volumes of his *Notes from a Diary*, tells a story of what happened a number of years ago at a conference. After some matter of Eastern policy had been settled, Mr. Goschen said to Bismarck, "What will Baron Haymerle say to this?"

"Oh," said Bismarck, "of course he'll say 'No' at first; he always does. He says No to everything; even in his dreams, and when he wakes, the first thing he invariably does is to say, No, No, No, in case by any chance he has not done it enough during his sleep."

That is a common type of character. I once heard Mr. Sankey, the evangelist, say of a man, who was always objecting to things, that he was like Sanballat and Geshem in the book of Nehemiah, who said, Come let us meet together in the plain of *Ono!* And I myself once knew a man who was so unwilling to say Yes to anything, that, when he tried a new pen or fresh ink, he wrote the word No several times through pure impulse. He was known amongst his friends as *Pio Nono*, the Italian for Pius IX., the name of the last Pope, and a name it was no compliment to bear.

But Christ, like God, is so good and gracious, that, though He can say No with a voice of thunder to everything that is wrong, He will not say it to any prayer if He can possibly help it. He loves to say Yes. No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. Many good old people will tell you, as the result of their experience, that God has said No to very few of their prayers, and when He did say it, they saw afterwards that it was better, far better, than if He had said Yes.

"Through Him also is the Amen." "It is not easy," says Professor Denney very beautifully in his Commentary on the verse, "to put a prayer into words, whether of petition or thanksgiving, for men are not much in the habit of speak-

ing to God; but it is easy to say Amen. . . . Unless God had first prompted us by sending His Son, we could never have found it in our hearts to present requests for mercy to Him, but through Christ we are enabled to present them, though it should be at first with only a look at Him and an appropriating Amen. It is the very nature of prayer to be the answer to promise. Amen is all, at bottom, that God leaves for us to say."

I wonder if that was what Tennyson meant when he said that many a time, when he was praying, all he could say was—"O Thou Infinite, Amen!"

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

No. 7.—The boy that selfishly keeps possession of an arm-chair.

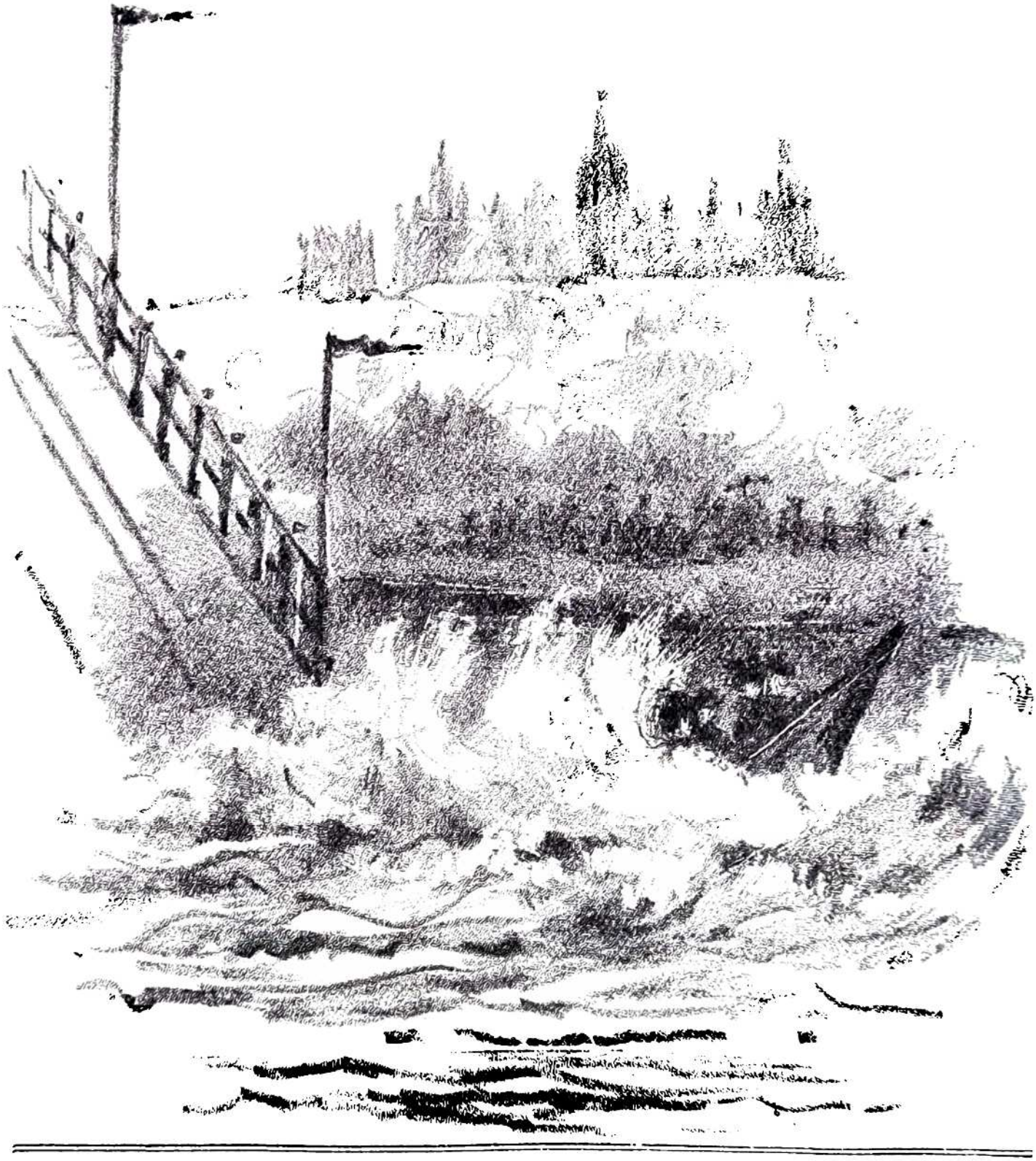
THERE is no doubt that boys love to sit in an arm-chair, partly because they know they will be ordered out of it in a little, but, chiefly, of course, because it is the most comfortable kind of chair; it gives one the feeling of being encompassed and upheld. Two generations ago a boy who lived in good society dared not be seen in one. When Wellington College, for example, was founded, in 1859, for the sons of officers in the army, in memory of the great Duke, Queen Victoria and her husband, we are told, would not allow the boys to have arm-chairs in their rooms. The Chinese have a saying, and a wise one, "After dinner sit like a king." So people used to think that boys should always sit erect, and that arm-chairs would make them lazy and round-shouldered. Even when sitting in an ordinary chair, a boy was forbidden to sit back in it. He had a backbone to support his back, and what else was needed?

Whether people were right in that or not—and the cultivation of backbone in every sense of the word is certainly to be desired in measure—there can be no doubt that a boy should not occupy the arm-chair in a room if there be any elderly or grown-up person present.

"I remember when I was a boy," said a banker to me lately, "sitting curled up in the big arm-chair opposite the fire one winter evening deep in 'Robinson Crusoe,' which I was reading for the first time. It was a bitter night, snow falling, and my father came home from business a little later than usual, cold and tired. But I never moved. A little afterwards my mother came into the room, and seeing me sitting there so cosy in front of the fire, and my father sitting in another chair at the side, she said to me, 'Don't you think, Willie, you had better give your father his own chair?' It's a long time since then," the banker continued, "but I often think of it, and every time I am ashamed, ashamed to think *that I needed to be told* to give my father his own chair on a stormy, wintry night!"

Yes, boys, remember that when our Lord was on earth, when He

was in the house of a ruler of the Pharisees one day, and the people were watching Him, we are told He *marked* how they that were bidden chose the best seats, and there and then spoke a parable to them about it. And He marks how people, and specially boys, do that still.



Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 7.

This girl does not care to go to Church because "sitting in the front of the gallery, where her father's seat is, makes her feel giddy." But she "just loves" the Canadian Water Chute at the Glasgow Exhibition, and would go on it half-a-dozen times a day if it weren't so dear—6d each trip.*

*A boat which runs on rails down a steep incline, and makes two or three great splashes and bounds as it plunges into the river Kelvin.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.—Ps. 15, 4.

WHEN Sir Francis Chantrey the sculptor was living at Tunbridge, he found after his return from London one Saturday that he had left his keys in the City. There was nothing for him to do but wait till Monday and go back for them, a journey of thirty miles each way. Monday morning came, but the seats in all the coaches had been taken, and he had to order a post-chaise for himself. When he came to Sevenoaks, seven miles on his way, he found a gentleman, who had been summoned to London on urgent business, in great distress at being unable to find room in any of the conveyances that passed. Mr. Chantrey, as he then was, kindly offered the stranger a seat. So far, so good. But when they had gone about half-a-mile on their way, he discovered his keys in his breeches' pocket! But he said nothing, and drove on all the way to London, partly because he was ashamed of his stupidity, but most of all because he felt himself bound to keep faith with his companion.

Rebecca and the Woman of Samaria.

Genesis 24, 15. And it came to pass, before Eliezer had done speaking, Rebekah came out, with her pitcher upon her shoulder. And the damsel was very fair to look upon, a virgin; and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up. And the servant ran to meet her, and said, Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drink, my lord: and she hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels.

John 4, 6. Jesus, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well. Then cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink. Then saith the woman of Samaria unto Him, How is it that Thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?

"God of my master Abraham,
His servant by the well I stand;
Speed me this day."
A maiden came,
Let down her pitcher on her hand,
Hasted, and ran again, and drew;
"Drink thou, drink all thy camels, too."

This was the token she was Isaac's bride—
Grace, beauty, to sweet courtesy allied.

THOU cam'st Thyself to seek Thy bride!
No noble holy maiden she.
Weary Thou satst, and she replied,
"Why, Jew, dost Thou ask drink of me?"

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah 6, 8.

THERE was a Frenchman once named Bouret, who, when he was young and poor, gave a girl friend, a Mdlle. Gaussin, a blank cheque—"I promise ———," leaving her to fill it up any way she chose. Years passed, and as he became rich and well known, the thought of that blank cheque troubled him. He was a millionaire, but what if she demanded all, or the greater part of all he had!

So he contrived to let her know in some way that he wanted the paper back. "But," said she, "not till I have filled it up!" Then one day the cheque came back to him, and when he recognised the paper he could scarcely read it from excitement. And this was what was written on it: "I promise *always to love the little Gaussin.*" That was all she asked!

And isn't that the way God deals with us? When we are little, we wish to go to heaven, we promise to be good, we put ourselves unreservedly in God's hand. But when we grow up, we regret our promise, and try to wriggle out of it. We are afraid lest God ask too much from us. And He humbles us and makes us ashamed by saying: "I ask nothing from you but your love." For the sum of the Commandments is just this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." And when God says that, does He not give more than He asks? He gives us all He has and all He is—"the Lord thy God."

Yea, what revenge.—2 Cor. 7, 11.

THREE hundred years ago a Scotch nobleman, Robert, the sixth Baron Crichton, lost an eye while fencing at Lord Norrey's seat in Oxfordshire, with one John Turner, who was a master of that science. The thrust, it was generally believed, was maliciously intended.

Some years afterwards, when Lord Crichton was at the Court of France, King Henry the Great asked him how he lost his eye, and having heard the story, said, "Does the man still live?"

These words, "Does the man still live?" kept ringing in Lord Crichton's ears, and so fired him with vengeance that he never rested till he procured Turner's assassination. It was, of course, a wrong thing to do, and he suffered, and suffered justly for it, being beheaded, though the greatest men in the land interceded for him, along with the assassin whom he had employed, on the 29th June, 1612, opposite Westminster Hall.

All of us have suffered from sin that we have played with, and we bear its marks on our whole lives, on our minds, on our souls, and on our bodies, too, though we ourselves may not always see these marks, or even remember them. But the marks are there, and the injury is there, and we should hear God saying, "Does that sin still live?" Try to remember what your besetting sin has cost you—your bad temper, your selfishness, your laziness, your carelessness, your untruthfulness, your habit of putting off things to the last moment, your slovenliness, or whatever else it may be. Think of what that same sin has cost others in every age of the world's history. Think, above all, of what it has cost our Saviour, and what it still costs Him, and then say, "Does that sin still live in me? Does it still reign in me?" and don't rest till by God's grace you have destroyed it utterly, root and branch. For behold this self-same thing, that ye sorrowed after

a goodly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, *what revenge!*

"GIRLS should be like daisies—nice and white, with an edge of red if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be wrong if they didn't do it."—*John Ruskin.*

1	M	Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things.
2	Tu	Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown. "Every finger on the two hands of Pooley, the great wicket-keeper, had been broken; so had his two thumbs."—*Pullin's Talks with Old English Cricketers.*
3	W	But we an incorruptible.
4	Th	I therefore so run, as not uncertainly;
5	F	So fight I, as not beating the air:
6	S	But I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage.—*1 Cor. 9, 25 (R.V.)*
7	S	Thy King cometh; He is just, and having Salvation;
8	M	Lowly, and riding upon an ass.—*Zech. 9, 9.*
9	Tu	Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.—*Matt. 11, 29.*
10	W	Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man.—*Ch. 8, 4.* "The explanation of this is simply the Modesty of our Lord. He disliked to have his good deeds made known."—*Dr. Stalker's Imago Christi.*
11	Th	Jesus strictly charged them, See that no man know it.—*Ch. 9, 30 (R.V.)*
12	F	Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.—*Ch. 6, 3.*
13	S	When thou art bidden to a feast, sit down in the lowest place.—*Luke 14, 10 (R.V.)* "14 July, 1878. My birthday. The gravest lesson I have learned in nine-and-forty years is the incalculable superiority of gentleness to every other force, and the imperious necessity of humility as a foundation to every other virtue."—*The late Archbishop of Canterbury.*
14	S	My Father is the husbandman.—*John 15, 1.*
15	M	Ye are God's husbandry (that is, God's farm, God's tilled land).—*1 Cor. 3, 9.*
16	Tu	What could have been done more to My vineyard, that I have not done in it?—*Is. 5, 4.*
17	W	Behold, I come seeking fruit.—*Luke 13, 7.*
18	Th	God put the man into the garden to dress it and to keep it.—*Gen. 2, 15.*
19	F	Uzziah loved husbandry.—*2 Chron. 26, 10.* "In the Transvaal farmers were obliged by law to get rid of certain kinds of weeds. If any such were found on a man's farm, he was fined."—*Count Sternberg's Reminiscences of the Boer War.*
20	S	The field of the slothful, all grown over with thorns.—*Prov. 24. 31.*
21	S	Thou makest darkness.—*Ps. 104, 20.* "My old granny made my young life and even my later years miserable by her foolish stories. I had to make a strong effort of will before I could bring myself to walk across a churchyard in the dark."—*Max Müller's Autobiography.*
22	M	He made darkness His hiding place, His pavilion.—*Ps. 18, 11 (R.V.)*
23	Tu	Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.—*Ex. 20, 21.*
24	W	In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them.—*Matt. 14, 25.*
25	Th	Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee.—*Ps. 139, 12.*
26	F	He made the stars also.—*Gen. 1, 16.*
27	S	Thou hast visited me in the night.—*Ps. 17, 3.*
28	S	I beseech you by the gentleness of Christ.—*2 Cor. 10, 1.* "It is when we are in the right that we must watch our temper."
29	M	The poor useth intreaties.—*Prov. 18, 23.*
30	Tu	His father came out, and intreated him.—*Luke 15, 28.*
31	W	For love's sake.—*Philem. 9.* The Japanese language, they say, has no imperative mood.

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 8.

The Boat Hirers' Dinner.

The "Morning Watch" for 1899, being Vol. XII., may still be had. Price, including postage, One Shilling and Threepence.

All the other volumes are now out of Print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Be not children in understanding, but in understanding be men.—1 Cor. 14, 20.

SOME of you in a day or too will be

Creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

I can hardly blame you, and I think I may say with all reverence that God is sorry for you too. But all the same He asks you to go, and He asks you because it is for your good. You are to be men and women some day, if it be His will to spare you, filling all the places occupied by those who are grown up, and God wishes you to be ready to enter into them. So, willingly or unwillingly, you are to go back to school, and to go back the first day it opens. And if your mother says you are to take another day or two of play, I almost think you will both honour and please her by disobeying her, even if like Paul you should have to get out by the window in a basket, though I dare-say you would like that fine!

Now, get your books and your slate ready—I fear you will have some difficulty in finding them all—and when the first day for going back to school comes, say your prayers, brush away your tears, and trot away cheerily, like a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7. 1.

(Continued from page 76.)

What is thy name?

Eleanor

The mother of Lord Brougham, who was one of the wisest and also one of the most foolish men of the nineteenth century, was ELEANOR SYME, the orphan daughter of a Scotch minister. Brougham tells us in his Autobiography that his father had been previously engaged to an heiress of old family, a Miss Whelpdale. She died the day before that which had been fixed for her wedding. Her lover's mind seemed for a time almost to give way, and he was sent to Edinburgh for his health. There, some time after, he fell in with the lady who became his wife, a woman both of great beauty and discretion. Long afterwards, when she was dead, her son, who had been for a generation one of the most notable men in England, wrote to a friend, a Mr. Reeve, whose mother had died, "I suffered the same loss, and have not, after twenty years, learnt to forget it." We know how proud Mrs. Brougham was of her son when he was a boy. When he became a man she must often have felt the vexation of spirit that Solomon speaks of when he thought of the man who was his heir: "Who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?" "Brougham's tongue," said one who knew him well, "is a mere wooden clapper, pulled up and down by anybody; nothing of

What is thy name?

a reasonable member about it." Lord Macaulay spoke still more terribly of him: "Strange fellow! His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle."

Elizabeth

ELISABETH is the name of two women in the Bible of noble birth and still nobler character, the wife of Aaron, and the mother of John the Baptist, the kinswoman of the mother of our Lord. And a wonderful name it is, for it means "God is an oath." Girls whose name this is should make out a list of God's Oaths, beginning with that first one, in the 110th Psalm, which He sware to Christ from all eternity, when He appointed Him to be our Great High Priest for ever.

There are many forms of the name, some of them very pretty. So the old riddle says—

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess
Went together to take a bird's nest.
They found a nest with five eggs in,
Each took one out, yet they left four in,

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess being, of course, all one girl!

ELIZABETH COOPER, a pewterer's wife, suffered martyrdom for her Protestantism at Norwich, July, 1557. She had previously lost courage and recanted, but, being greatly troubled, came to the Roman Catholic Church one day while mass was going on, and standing up before all expressed her shame and sorrow. She was burnt along with one Simon Miller, back to back with him, with only the stake between them. "When the fire came to her, she a little shrank thereat, saying, 'Hah!' but Simon Miller, hearing the same, put his hand behind him towards her, and willed her to be strong and of a good cheer, for, 'Good sister, we shall have a joyful and a sweet supper.' Whereby being strengthened she stood still and quiet."—*Foxe's Book of Martyrs.*

John Tillotson, 1630-1694, son of a Puritan clothier, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, made suit in 1633 to ELIZABETH, daughter of Oliver Cromwell's sister Robina. She desired to be excused, but John Wilkin, her step-father, said, "Betty, you shall have him, for he is the best polemical divine this day in England." And have him she did. She was the first Archbishop's wife seen at Lambeth for a hundred and twenty years. Her husband, as was only right and proper, gave away a fifth of his income in charity, which he could not have done had she not been charitable too.

It was of LADY ELIZABETH HASTINGS, 1682-1739, daughter of Theophilus, 7th Earl of Huntingdon, whom the famous William Law cites as an example of a saintly woman, that Sir Richard Steele wrote in the *Tatler* one of the greatest sentences in the literature of the eighteenth century: "Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; *to love her was a liberal education.*"

What is thy name? Elizabeth

"An old woman, BETTY STRONGITHARM, whom my mother knew, once said to her, 'When I'm alone, I think, and think, and think, and the end of all my thinking is that Christ is all in all; but I do not want to go to heaven alone; I want to take a many others with me.'"—*Augustus Hare's Autobiography.*

Tennyson's mother, 1781-1865, was ELIZABETH FYTCHE. She had been, her grandson tells us, among the beauties of the county. When she was almost eighty, a daughter, under cover of her deafness, ventured to mention the number of offers of marriage which had been made to her mother, naming twenty-four. Suddenly, to the amusement of all present, the old lady said emphatically, and quite simply, as for truth's sake, 'No, my dear, twenty-five.' Tennyson drew her portrait in the poem he calls *Isabel.* In it he speaks of her

> Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
> The summer calm of golden charity.

She had a great sense of humour, and such a well-known love of animals that the boys of a neighbouring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them in order to be bribed to leave off, or to induce her to buy them. But, above all, she was a godly woman.

Some scholar once wrote an epitaph on a maid-of-all-work who was a great breaker of dishes, part of the fun of which lies in its parody of the words Dr. Johnson wrote about Goldsmith—"Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit," he touched nothing which he did not adorn:

> Hic jacet ancilla
> Quae omnia egit
> Et nihil tetigit
> Quod non fregit—

"And touched nothing which she did not break." It was of such a servant that Mrs. Carlyle wrote to a friend forty years ago. "It is a disappointment," she says, "to find my Scotch blockhead ELIZABETH no brighter. Such a woman to have had sent four hundred miles to one! For sample of her procedure: there is a glass door into the back court consisting of two immense panes of glass; she has three several times smashed one of these sheets of glass, through the same carelessness, neglecting to latch it up! three times in the six months she has been here! and nobody before her ever smashed that door! Another thing that nobody ever before her did, in all the twenty-eight years I have lived in the house, was to upset the kitchen table! and smash, at one stroke, nearly all the tumblers and glasses we had, all the china breakfast things, a crystal butter-glass (my mother's), a crystal flower vase, and ever so many jugs and bowls! There was a whole washing-tub full of broken things! Surely honesty, sobriety, and steadiness must have grown dreadfully scarce qualities, that one puts up with such a cook; especially as her cooking is as careless as the rest of her doings. No variety is required of her, and she has been taught how to do the few things Mr. Carlyle needs. She can do them when she cares to

What is thy name? Elizabeth

take pains, but every third day or so there comes up something that provokes him into declaring, 'She will be the death of me! It is really too bad to have wholesome food turned to poison.' Much as I dislike changes in the dead of winter, there is no help for it but to send her back to that part of the country where, as the Goose says, 'she can get plenty of good places.'"

But worse, far worse, than her habit of breaking, and her bad cooking, was her refusal to help to train a little maid—whom her mistress, very much at her own request, had brought in to help her—on the plea, suggested to her by another ill-doing servant, that she was going to be overworked. When you boys and girls become men and women, teach those whom God may put under you all you know.

ELIZABETH YOUNG, mother of the late Dr. Dale of Birmingham, had a passionately earnest desire that her son should be a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For this she seemed to live; for this she prayed incessantly; for this she would make any sacrifice. From his birth she gave him to God. She died in 1854. "My mother's deathbed," said her son, "was a chapter in the evidences of Christianity, the very seal of Heaven visibly attached to the promises of God."

"The Music of the Moon."

Praise ye Him, moon, and all ye stars of light; creeping things, and flying fowl.—Ps. 148.

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 8.

This Girl, who is passionately fond of Golf, does not go to Church because, owing to the shape of their pew, "she has to turn her head to see the minister, and it always gives her a stiff neck."

The Near Kinsman.

And, behold, the kinsman, of whom Boaz spake, came by: unto whom he said, Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here. And he turned aside, and sat down. . . . Then said Boaz, What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance. And the kinsman said, I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance: redeem thou my right to thyself: for I cannot redeem it. . . . And Boaz said unto all the people, Ye are witnesses this day that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's. Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place: ye are witnesses this day. . . . So Boaz took Ruth, and she bare a son. And the women her neighbours called his name Obed: he is the father of Jesse, the father of David.—*Ruth 4.*

The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David.—*Matthew 1, 1.*

So near! so far!
Thou fool, that wouldst not wed with Ruth
Lest thou shouldst mar
Thine own inheritance, forsooth.

Last of thy race!
Thy very name is quite passed o'er,
And on thy face
Confusion sits for evermore.

Boaz! Thy line
Blooms beauteous like Aaron's rod;
Thou claim'st as thine
Obed, and David, and the Son of God!

Among the Benjamites there were seven hundred chosen men lefthanded; every one could sling stones at an hair-breadth, and not miss.—Judges 20, 16.

WHEN the Queen of Sheba tried to puzzle King Solomon, as the story goes, by bringing to him a hundred children all dressed as girls, and asking him to pick out all the boys, Solomon did it by tossing apples and oranges to them. The boys caught them in their hands, and the girls in their pinafores. That test would not tell in this country, happily, where for centuries girls have enjoyed a liberty, and been treated with a wisdom and affection that are unknown in Eastern and heathen lands.

How many of these Jerusalem boys, I wonder, could catch "and not miss?" They are complaining in England just now of the number of "dropped catches" at cricket. Last year, says a writer in *The Monthly*, 121,013 runs were scored in first-class county matches; there would have been 18,000 fewer had the fielders held all the balls that

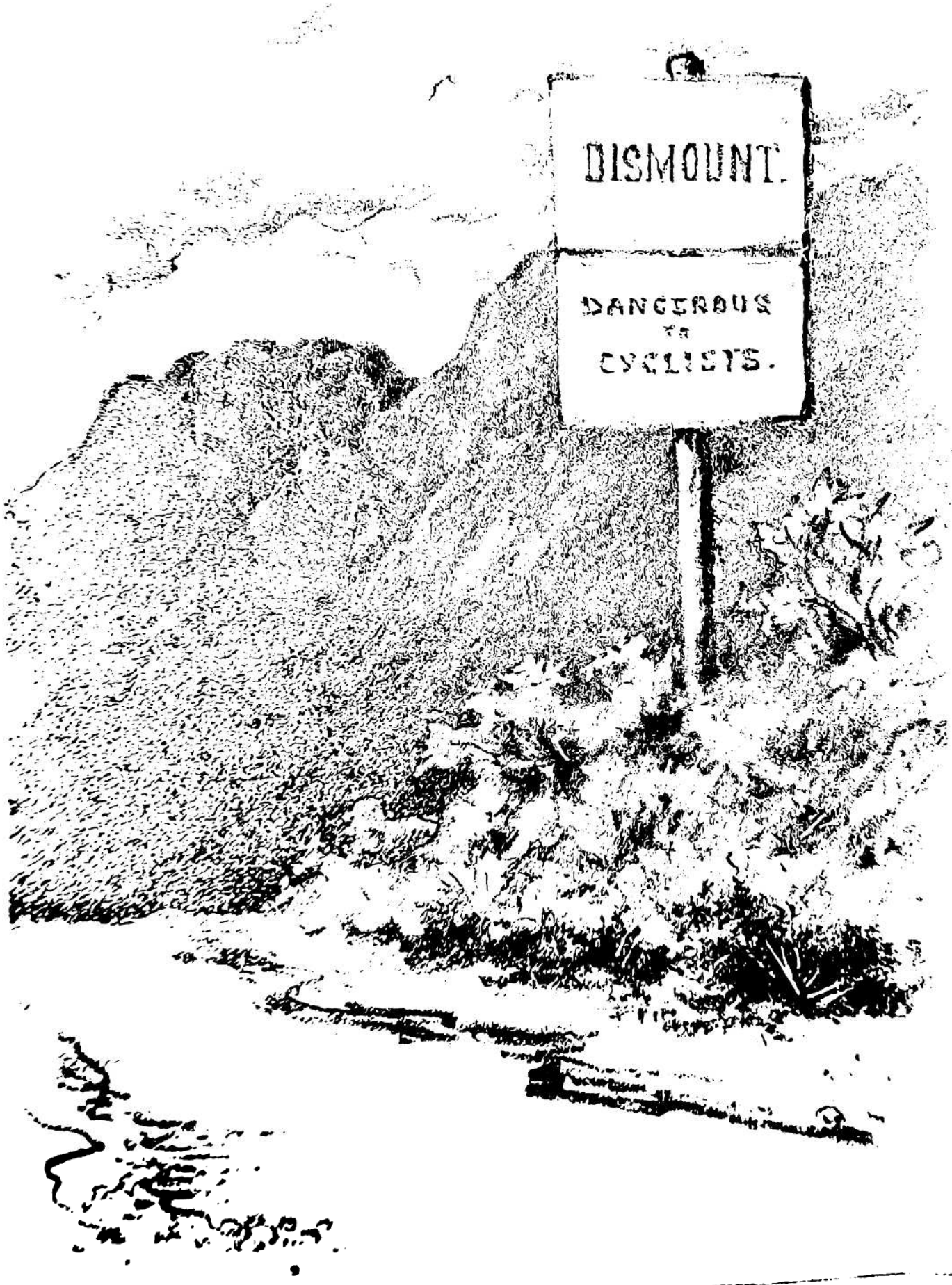
came to hand! I like to see boys and girls throwing a ball one to another and practising catches. It is good fun. Two can play at it as well as twenty, and if a boy can get no one else to play with, he can play with himself at it. And the boy or girl who plays at it is not only having fun, such as God is well pleased that he should have, but he is learning at the same time, learning to use his hands and eyes and legs, and learning to use them together; he learns also to measure distance and time and force; and, if he is playing with others, he has the chance of learning unselfishness and courtesy and self-control and knowledge of character, and of practising such harmless wiles as at once amuse and delight himself and astonish and smarten his companions. That is why the game of "leads" at skipping-ropes—in which the girl who is skipping jumps out whenever she chooses, and does it as unexpectedly as she can so that the one who should follow her is taken unawares—seems to me one of the prettiest and most interesting and amusing and educative of all games. As iron sharpeneth iron, so God wishes boys and girls to sharpen one another. Many years ago, I remember delving in a garden where there were hens and ducks. The first day or two the hens got all the worms; while a duck was coming, a hen stepped in before her. But the consorting and competing with a nimbler and more quick-witted race stirred up the gifts that were in the ducks. On the third day they held their own in the race for spoil, and by the fourth day they had got the mastery. And that not merely by their greater weight and boldness—for they came so close to my spade that every time I lifted it, I lifted a duck with it—but their very eyesight had grown keener and quicker. I have no doubt the hens were sharper too, but their aforetime sluggish mates had made an even greater advance.

So, boys and girls, play away! The happier you are, and the happier you make one another, the better pleased will God be. For it is He That made you, and gave you limbs and faculties; it is His Spirit That not only teaches you all your games, but reminds you also, as He does the storks and cranes and swallows, of their appointed times of coming.

Thou knowest the commandments.—Mark 10, 19.

A LITTLE past Whistlefield, on the lovely road that runs from the Gareloch to Loch Long, there is a steep descent with a high wall and a sharp turn at the foot. At the top of the hill there used to be one of the signboards with which many of you must be familiar: DANGEROUS TO CYCLISTS. Many cyclists, however, take such a warning as simply an advice to be on their guard, and to proceed with caution. They trust to their nerve, or their skill in back-pedalling, or on the strength of their brake, and so ride on, and sometimes to their doom.

Above that board has now been placed another, with the one word


DISMOUNT.
DANGEROUS
TO
CYCLISTS.

in larger letters, DISMOUNT. "And when I saw that," said a friend to me the other day, "I jumped off. Had it been only DANGEROUS, I would have gone on."

That is why God gave us the Ten Commandments in the form in which we have them — Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal. That is why He uttered them on Mount Sinai out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, *with a great voice.* And that is why He wrote them with His own finger on two tables of stone. These Ten Words are not recommendations, but commandments; not hints, but laws; not cautions, but categorical imperatives. God couldn't have made them stronger. And when the devil comes to you and says— "Don't take things too literally, beware of extremes, moderation is best, neither be righteous overmuch nor overmuch wicked, and ye shall not surely die!" don't argue with him; speak to him as did our Lord, "Get thee behind me, Satan; it is written, Thou shalt not; His commandments are not grievous; the wages of sin IS DEATH."

A NEIGHBOUR'S cat came into my room a few weeks ago, jumped on to my desk, and picked a hole in my sermon with its claws. And the curious thing is that the passage it had underscored was this: "as was said to the owners of the ass, The Lord hath need of him."

"What's that you are saying to pussy?" I said to a lonely old man once on whom I called. He had his right hand on his cat's head, and was evidently saying something very solemn to it.

"I'll tell you the very words," he replied; "I was saying, 'The Lord bless thee for all the sunshine thou hast brought into my life.'"

That old man's prayer opens up an interesting question. How does God reward the lower animals for the great things they do for us and Him? They get their food and their play. But is that all? Is it not a rule of God's action to make his creatures, who serve him willingly, sharers in some measure of the same joy He feels Himself? What does He do for the shepherd's dog that dies beside its master, or for the horse that brings help or promise of relief to a beleaguered garrison and falls dead at the gate? We cannot tell. But is it not possible that, just as God gives us at times, when we do His will, a taste of heaven which more than repays us for all we have passed through, so He may also give to all His creatures a moment's illumination of some kind or other. Only a moment's, it may be, but who can tell how much may be put into one of God's moments!

The cat that spurned my manuscript had no idea how much there was in that verse about itself. So, likewise, there are many passages in the Bible about us all that you and I rush blindly through, pearls of great price that we in our stupidity trample under foot.

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

No. 8—The boy that bites his nails.

THAT boy has more to learn than he knows, and learn it he shall, though it may take him years, and cost him more than he has ever dreamt of. And rightly, for he makes others suffer as well as himself.

Our nails are given us not only to protect our fingers, and help them in their work, but also to be an ornament to our hands, and an index to our character and history and disposition. "Show me your nails, Sir," is what men say in some parts of the world to a stranger, before they let him sit down to meat with them.

Our Lord's fingers are referred to in the gospels more than once, and we may be sure that whilst they were like the fingers of any other man's hand, they were also like the finger of God.

1	TH	Give me wisdom and knowledge.—*2 Chron. 1, 10.*
2	F	Buy wisdom.—*Prov. 23, 23.* The late Dr Moulton, a great Wesleyan scholar, schoolmaster, and divine, one of the ablest of the N. T. Revisers, had so much work to do that once, when he and his family came to Scotland for a holiday, he had to take so many books with him that his "excess luggage" reached 1500 lbs., though several boxes had been sent on beforehand by goods train.
3	S	Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister. *Prov. 7, 4.*
4	S	And the Lord said, Come, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh.
5	M	And Moses said, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?
6	TU	And He said, Certainly I will be with thee.
7	W	Thus shalt thou say, I AM hath sent me.—*Ex. 3, 10.*
8	TH	And He said unto me, Stand upon thy feet.—*Ezek. 2, 1.*
9	F	Is not God in the height of heaven?—*Job 22, 12.*
10	S	Behold the height of the stars, how high they are. When Frederick Tennyson was a schoolboy at Eton, and afraid, through shyness, to go to a dinner-party to which he had been invited, his brother Alfred said to him, "Fred, think of Herschel's great star-clusters, and you will soon get over all that."
11	S	Put away the strange gods, be clean, change your garments.—*Gen. 35, 2.*
12	M	The sea was for the priests to wash in.—*2 Chron. 4, 6.*
13	TU	Anoint thy head, and wash thy face.—*Matt. 6, 17.*
14	W	Having our bodies washed with pure water.—*Heb. 10, 22.* "The English in the hospitals could easily be distinguished from the Boers. They were always clean and their hair carefully combed."—*Count Sternberg.*
15	TH	Ye make clean the outside.—*Luke 11, 39.*
16	F	But your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness.
17	S	Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Prov. 51, 7.*
18	S	I will praise Thy truth, O my God.—*Ps. 71, 22.*
19	M	Seek if ye can find a man that seeketh truth.—*Jer. 5, 2.*
20	TU	The truth shall make you free.—*John 8, 32.*
21	W	I rejoice at Thy word, as one that findeth great spoil.—*Ps. 119, 162.*
22	TH	Men of truth.—*Ex. 18, 21.* Agassiz, the man "who had no time to make money," came to his wife beaming one day, and said, "You know I have always held such and such an opinion about certain fossil fishes." "Yes, yes." "Well I have just been reading ——'s new book, and he has shown me that there isn't the least truth in my theory;" and he burst into a laugh of unalloyed pleasure in relinquishing his error.—*W. D. Howell's Literary Memoirs.*
23	F	Buy the truth, and sell it not.—*Prov. 23, 23.*
24	S	Jesus saith, I am the way, and the truth, and the life.—*John 14, 6.*
25	S	I am as a man that hath no help.—*Ps. 88, 4-9 (R. V.).*
26	M	Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me.
27	TU	I am shut up, and I cannot come forth.
28	W	Lord, I have called daily upon Thee.
29	TH	Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple.—*Jonah 2, 4.* "True I have but one window, but that looks toward heaven."
30	F	Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.—*Jer. 23, 24.*
31	S	If God is for us, who is against us?—*Rom. 8, 31 (R. V.).*

GREENOCK JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

September, 1901. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 9.

Black Cock.

The "Morning Watch" for 1899, being Vol. XII., may still be had. Price, including postage, One Shilling and Threepence.

All the other volumes are now out of Print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

And the Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.—Luke 17, 5.

A SHORT time ago, a man in a train in Dumfriesshire introduced himself to me as a descendant of the Covenanters. He was, I am sorry and ashamed to say, very much the worse of drink, and evidently a habitual drunkard. "I had," he said, "as good a mother as ever lived. My forefathers and foremothers were hunted on these very hills. But," he added, "I don't hold by their views. I am what they call an Atheist. I agree with them that say there is no such a Being as God. That's what I hold. I hold there's no God—*to a certain extent.*"

That qualifying clause describes as accurately, perhaps, as can be done, the position every so-called Atheist takes up. But I fear it describes also the measure of our faith who call ourselves believers in God We hold there *is* a God, but only to a certain extent. We believe that He did wonders in the days of old, but we add that the age of miracles is past. He brought Israel out of Egypt, but He cannot, or will not, help me. Or, if He has delivered me, and delivered me even out of six troubles, the seventh will undo me. He gave me a father and a mother, but can I trust Him to guide me when I choose my friends? He gave His Son to save me from my sins, but I am in perplexity about to-morrow's bread, and the next month's rent. He is preparing mansions for me, but He seems not to know that I am out of work, and can get no man to hire me. He was with me at my birth, but what am I to do when I come to die? I am willing to keep some of His commandments, but those He utters most loudly in my ear—oh! they are grievous.

And what is all that but just saying, I believe in God—to a certain extent?

Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 89.)

What is thy name? Elizabeth

John Hampden, the English statesman and patriot, had, like George Whitefield the evangelist, an Elizabeth both for his mother and his wife. His mother, Elizabeth Cromwell, an Aunt of the Protector's, was eager to see her son made a Peer at King Charles' Court. "Tell my son," she wrote from London, "that if ever he will seek this honour, tell him now to come, for here is multitudes of lords a-making. I am ambitious of my son's honours, which I wish were now conferred upon him, that he might not come after so many

What is thy name?

Eliza-beth

new creations." The son happily was wiser than the mother, and in due time found the way to glory in the path of duty, and won a precedence from which he never can be dislodged. His wife was Elizabeth Symeon, the sole daughter and heiress of an Oxfordshire gentleman. When she died Hampden put this inscription over her grave :—

In her pilgrimage,
The stay and comfort of her neighbours,
The love and glory of a well-ordered family,
The delight and happiness of tender parents,
But a crown of blessings to her husband.
In a wife, to all an eternal pattern of goodness
And cause of love, while she was
In her dissolution,
A loss incalculable to each,
Yet herself blest, and they fully recompensed
In her translation from a tabernacle of clay
And fellowship with mortals to a celestial mansion
And communion with Deity.

Boswell tells a touching story about one ELIZABETH BLANEY—and such tragedies in life, alas ! are not uncommon—a young woman of Leek, in Staffordshire, who loved the father of Dr. Samuel Johnson, while he was serving his apprenticeship there, and followed him, though her love was not returned, when he went to Lichfield, taking lodgings there opposite to the house in which he lived. Mr. Johnson, hearing at last of her infatuation, and being told that her life was in danger, with a generosity which we must admire even while we condemn it, went to her, and offered to marry her. But it was too late; she was then at the very point of death. She was buried in the Cathedral, and he, with a tender regret, placed a stone over her grave, with this inscription :—

Here lies the body of
Mrs. Elizabeth Blaney, a stranger.
She departed this life, 20th September, 1694.

Ninety years afterwards, Mr. Johnson's son, visiting Lichfield for the last time, caused the stone and the words on it to be carefully renewed.

Mrs. ELIZABETH FREEMAN, a Quaker lady-help, went to the house of Joseph Gurney at Earlham Hall to stay for a fortnight, and stayed thirty years—two years for a day. When you go to see friends ask God to keep your goings out and in. None of us knows what may come out of a visit. ELIZABETH COOPER went to be servant in the family of the wife of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and was with them for sixty years.

Mr. W. J. Stillman, a distinguished American journalist, in his lately published *Autobiography* gives a touching picture of his mother, ELIZA MAXSON. In her early married life when she had five children, and her husband's five journeymen lived in the house, she not only did all the household duties, including washing and baking, but spun and wove the cloth for the clothes of her husband and

What is thy name? Elizabeth

children, cut and made them up. Her mother was one of two sisters who did a notable exploit when their brother was summoned to be a soldier in the Revolutionary war with Britain. He had no clothes fit for the camp, but the sisters had a black and white sheep brought from the pasture and clipped, and within twenty-four hours had spun, woven, and made up a suit of mixed grey clothes for the brother to go to the war in. "My own mother's life," says Mr. Stillman, "was a constant prayer, a wrestling with God for the salvation of her children. No image of her remains in my mind so clear as that in which I see her knitting by the fire-side in the dim light of a single home-made candle, her knitting needles flying and her lips moving in prayer, while the tears stole down her cheeks in the fervency of her devotion, until she felt that she was being noticed, when the windows of her soul were suddenly shut, and she turned to some subject of common interest, as if ashamed to be discovered praying, for she permitted herself no ostentation of devotion, but reserved it for her nights and solitary moments."

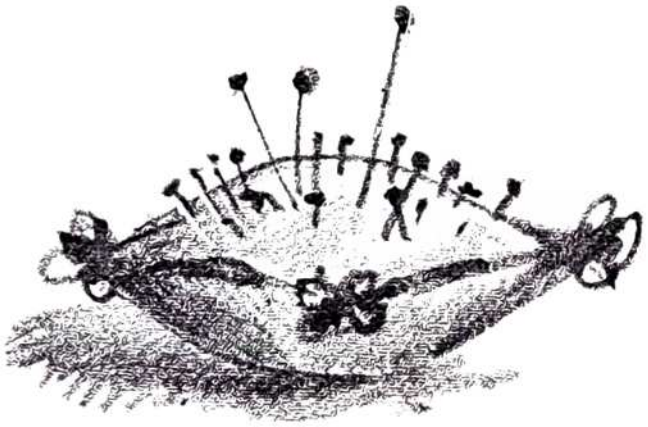
There are many other Elizabeths about whom I might speak to you, but perhaps you may learn as much from some imaginary ones, who are none the less real for that. There is BESS CRANAGE, the blacksmith's daughter in *Adam Bede*, who, when Dinah Morris was speaking about Christ's love, paid no attention at first, but was busy in speculating what pleasure and satisfaction there could be in life to a young woman who wore a cap like Dinah's, and then, giving up that inquiry in despair, began to wonder whether it was better to have such a sort of pale face as that, or fat red cheeks and round black eyes like her own. And there is her cousin and namesake, Sandy Jim's wife, who envied Bess her large round ear-rings with the false garnets in them, and "with much cousinly feeling often wished 'them ear-rings' might come to good."

Mr. Barrie, too, has some delightful Elspeths in his books. There is ELSPETH, the wife of the farmer Waster Lunny, who, says the Dominie, "has said to me more than once that the great surprise of his life was when Elspeth was willing to take him. Many a time, however, I have seen that in him which might have made any weaver's daughter proud of such a man, and I saw it again when he came to the river's side. 'I'm no ane o' thae farmers,' he said truthfully, 'that's aye girding at the weather, and Elspeth and me kens that we hae been dealt wi' bountifully since we took this farm wi' gey anxious hearts. That woman, dominie, is enough to put a brave face on a coward, and it's no longer syne than yestreen when I was sitting in the dumps, looking at the aurora borealis, which I cannot but regard as a messenger o' woe, that she put her hand on my shoulder, and she says, 'Waster Lunny, twenty year syne we began life thegither wi' nothing but the claethes on our back, and an it please God we can begin it again, for I hae you and you hae me, and I'm no cast doon if you're no.' Dominie, is there mony sic women in the warld as that?' 'Many a one' I said. 'Ay, man, it shamed me, for I hae a kind o' delight in angering Elspeth, just to see what she'll say.'"

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 9.

1st Smoker: "*My reason is, that it is a known fact that hundreds of people are poisoned every year in Churches by the bad air. Churches are not ventilated properly, and the air becomes what scientific men call vitiated.*"

Chorus of voices: "*Right you are, Sir;*" "*Not the least doubt of it;*" "*Spoken like a gentleman;*" "*You never said a truer word;*" "*I had three cousins myself who died that way.*"



Children that have Something still to Learn.

No. 9.—The girl that does not pick up a pin.

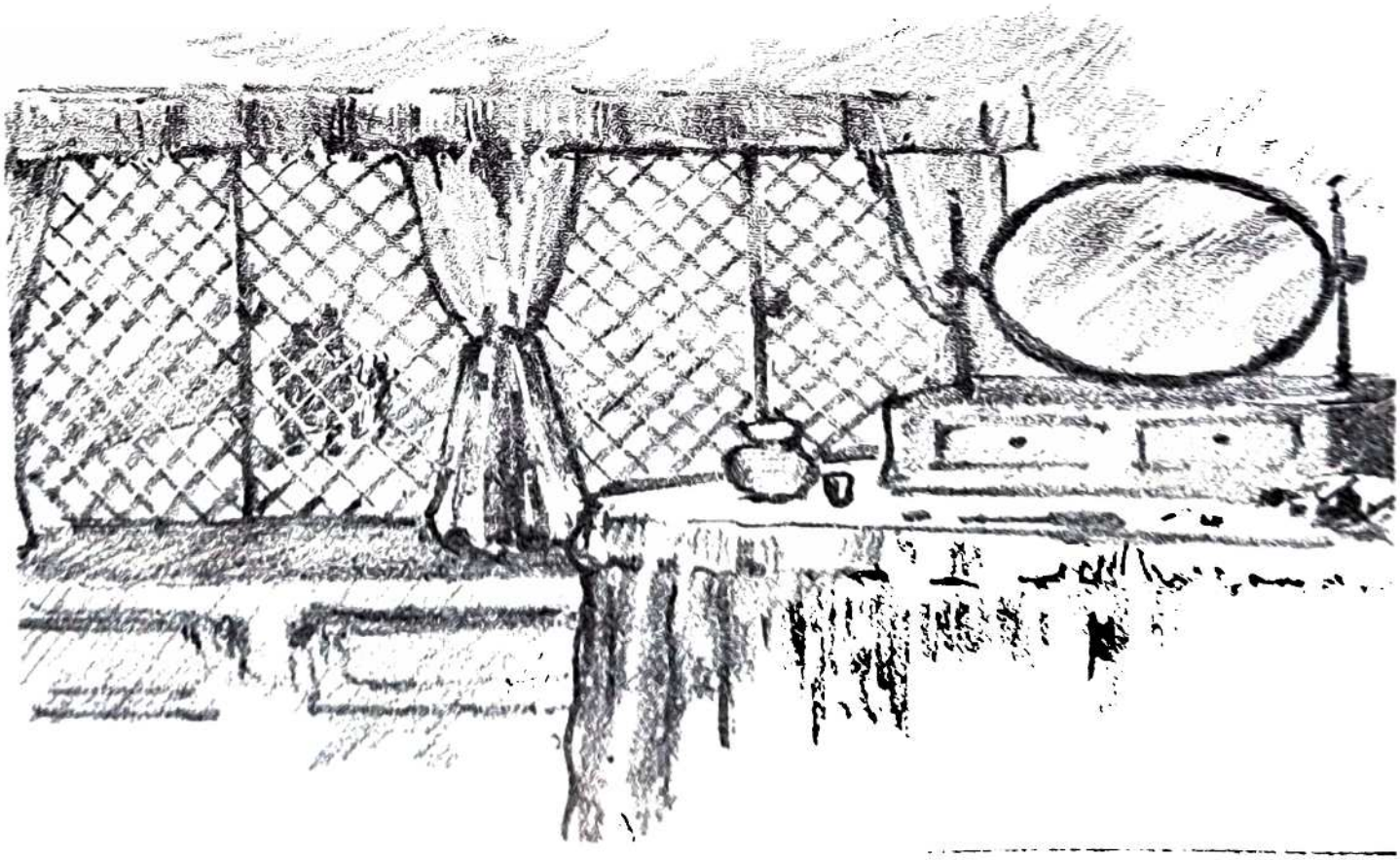
"Dear me! what signifies a pin!
I'll leave it on the floor;
My pincushion has others in,
Mamma has plenty more;
A miser I will never be,"
Said little heedless Emily.

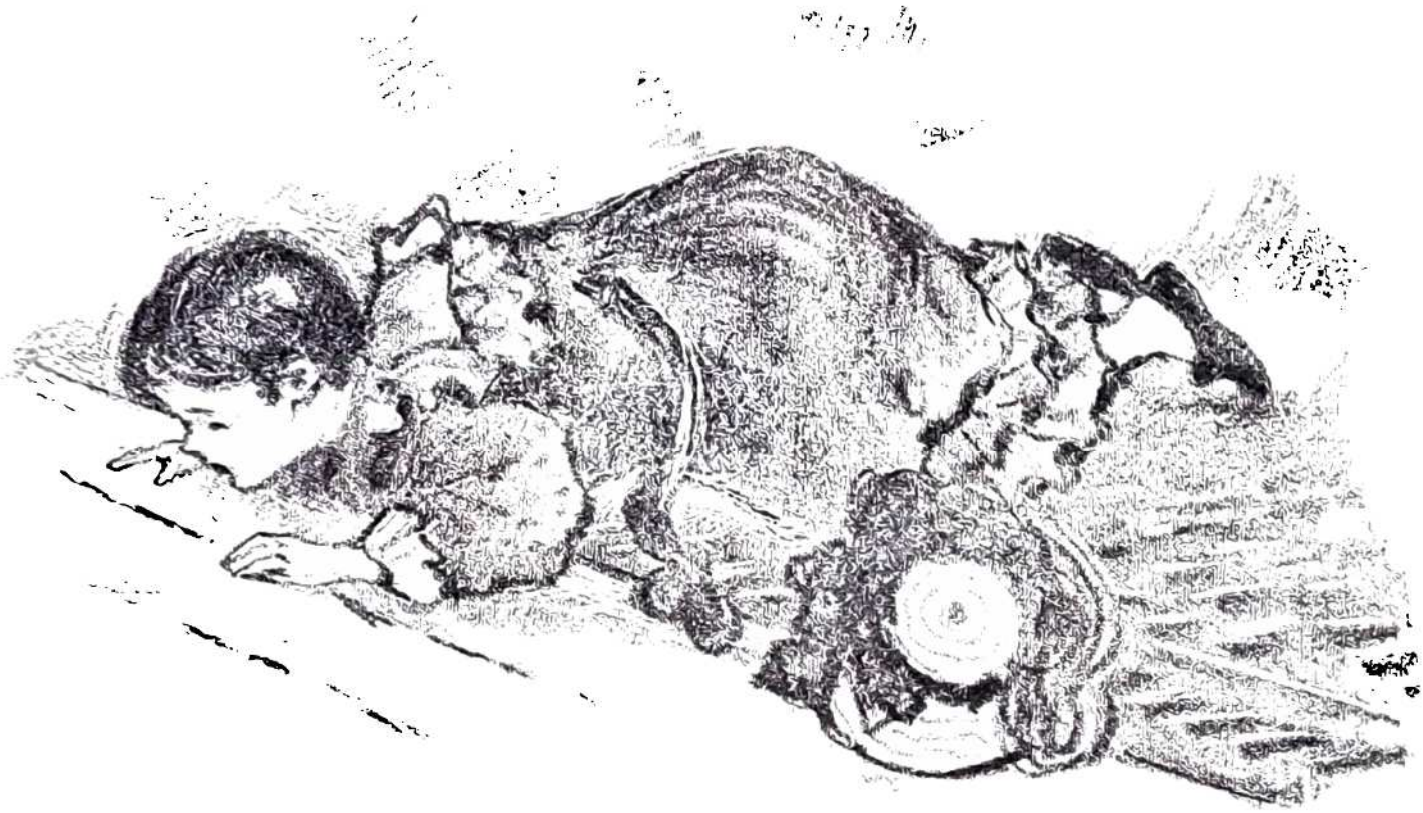
So tripping on to heedless play
She left the pin behind,
For Betty's broom to whisk away
Or some one else to find;
She never gave a thought indeed
To what she might to-morrow need.

Next day a party was to ride
To see an air-balloon,
And all the company beside
Were dressed and ready soon;
But she, poor girl, she could not stir
For just a pin to finish her.

'Twas vainly now with eye and hand
She did the search begin;
There was not one—not one the band
Of her pelisse to pin!
She cut her pincushion in two,
But not a pin had slidden through.

At last, as hunting on the floor,
Over a crack she lay,





The carriage rattled to the door,
  Then rattled fast away.
Poor Emily! she was not in
  For want of just—a single pin!

There's hardly anything so small,
  So trifling or so mean,
That we may never want at all
  For service unforeseen;
And those who venture wilful waste
May woful want expect to taste.

Jane and Ann Taylor's Songs for Children: Published in 1804.

Behold, he is in the vineyard of Naboth, whither he is gone down to possess it. And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou taken possession?—1 Kings 21, 19.

Will a man rob God?—Mal. 3, 8.

MR. BROADHURST, M.P., in his Autobiography, *From a Stonemason's Bench to the Treasury Bench*, tells a story about a little church that had been built on an estate in Dorsetshire by some Nonconformists. When the lease expired, the landowner, who had only recently succeeded to the estate, refused to renew it on any terms whatever. The poor people were accordingly compelled to find some other place to worship God in, and saw their little sanctuary, that had been erected and maintained with so much sacrifice and love, turned into a workshop for the estate carpenter.

The first work done in the dismantled church was the making of a coffin for the landowner, who died almost immediately after evicting the congregation.

We must not forget what our Lord said about the eighteen people on whom the Tower in Siloam fell. Mr. Spurgeon headed his sermon

on that text—there is a copy of it in the Livingstone Exhibition marked by the explorer, "Very good" —"Accidents not punishments." That proprietor may have been a good man, acting from a mistaken sense of duty; or, if he were a bad man, he may have turned to God during his illness and been forgiven. Yet, all the same, as Mr. Broadhurst says, there was a very strange and tragic coincidence in the circumstances of his death. If there are accidents that are not punishments, there are also judgments that are not accidents.

Some boys who read this may, in the providence of God, be landowners themselves some day. If so, I hope you will not forget that other men have rights as well as you. There are many things which are *legal*, that is, the law of Britain allows them, or cannot hinder them, which yet are not *lawful*, for the law of God forbids them. I have known a man refuse to cut down a tree which was only fit for firewood, which shut out his neighbours from a ten miles' view of mountain and sea—just because it was "his tree," and he foolishly and ignorantly thought and said, as so many do every day, "that a man has surely a right to do what he likes with his own."

"God breaks, yet keeps His Word."

And I besought the Lord at that time, saying, O Lord God, I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, *that goodly mountain, and Lebanon*. But the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me: and the Lord said unto me, Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto Me of this matter. Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes: for thou shalt not go over this Jordan.—*Deut. 3, 23.*

(Fourteen hundred and eighty years after.) And Jesus taketh with Him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain: and He was transfigured before them. And there appeared unto them Elias, with Moses; and they were talking with Jesus.—*Mark 9, 2.*

"Let it suffice thee; speak no more:
This Jordan thou shalt not pass o'er."

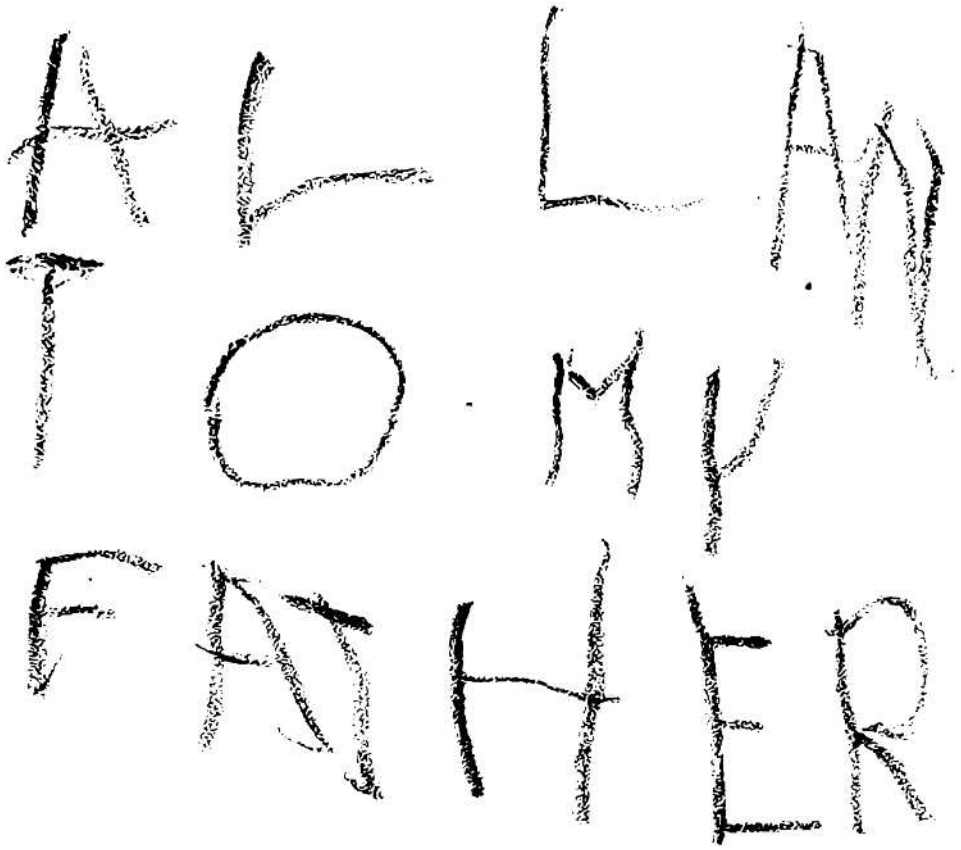
And yet, upon the Mount, these three,
Moses, Elias, Christ, I see!

Two roads to Canaan Thou hast given,
One over Jordan, one from heaven.

"Abba, Father."

ANY one reading these words, ALLAN TO MY FATHER, would naturally think that the boy who wrote them was sending with them some little gift. But the beauty and value of the writing lay in this that no gift accompanied it. The words themselves were all that the boy sent.

He wrote them, his father told me, when he was between five and six years of age. The little fellow saw letters coming to the house by every post, and witnessed the pleasure and interest with which they were opened and read. Then the thought occurred to him, "Why should not I send one too?" He



wrote his letter accordingly, consisting of the four words given above, put it in an envelope, addressed it as other people did, putting in even the Esq. after his father's name, and then went out and dropped it into the letterbox, and I have no doubt was standing close by, watching his father's face when he opened it and saw it was a letter, and the first one he had ever got, from his own dear little son.

The pleasure that boy's father took in showing me the letter, of which he has kindly permitted me to make a copy, made me think of the Apostle's words in Romans 8, 15, "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father."

"The ordinary Hebrew word for Father is *Ab*," says a recent writer.* "It is a very simple expression—none could be more so. It is composed of only two letters: the first two in the English, and the first two also in the Hebrew Alphabet—Aleph, Beth. One of the earliest words which a child desires to utter is something which shall express the thought of 'Father;' and *Ab*, being a word very easy to pronounce, is a suitable name for this purpose. It is one of the first and simplest utterances of infancy, for the sound of it is made by the mere shutting of the lips—*Ab*. The first word that many an infant says is *Ab*; and in many cases the second is *Abba*.

**For the Lambs of the Flock*: Seventy-five Short Sermons to Young People: by the Rev. Charles Jerdan, M.A., LL.B. Published by Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh and London.

There is a child-like lisp in the word; and to say it one has just to shut the lips and open them again. *Ab* was the ordinary word for Father which a Jew used when he was speaking or writing his own language with propriety. But the mother-word which he had learned in his infancy was 'Abba.' . . . The repetition 'Abba, Father,' means a loving and yearning entreaty. Luther, accordingly, in the German New Testament, translated 'Abba, Father,' into 'dear Father.'"

The word Father is a beautiful beginning to a prayer, but the little boy's letter shows us that it is a complete prayer, a complete message in itself. When one has said "Father," one has said everything. Just as a child says "Father," and runs to him and takes his hand, so ought we often to do to God in the fulness of our joy, and so may we do also in the fulness of our sorrow. We sometimes don't know what to ask, and sometimes our hearts are too sore and we cannot speak. But all is well if we can say "Father!" Christ will supply the rest.

Hewitson's Amazon.

"OH, my dear!" said a butterfly to its companion one day, "I've brought you great news. We have got a new name. We are to be known as *Hewitson's Amazon* after this. Isn't it splendid?"

"I don't know that it is," said the other. "Hewitson's What? and why Hewitson's?"

"After a Mr. Hewitson."

"But why after him whoever he is? He didn't make us?"

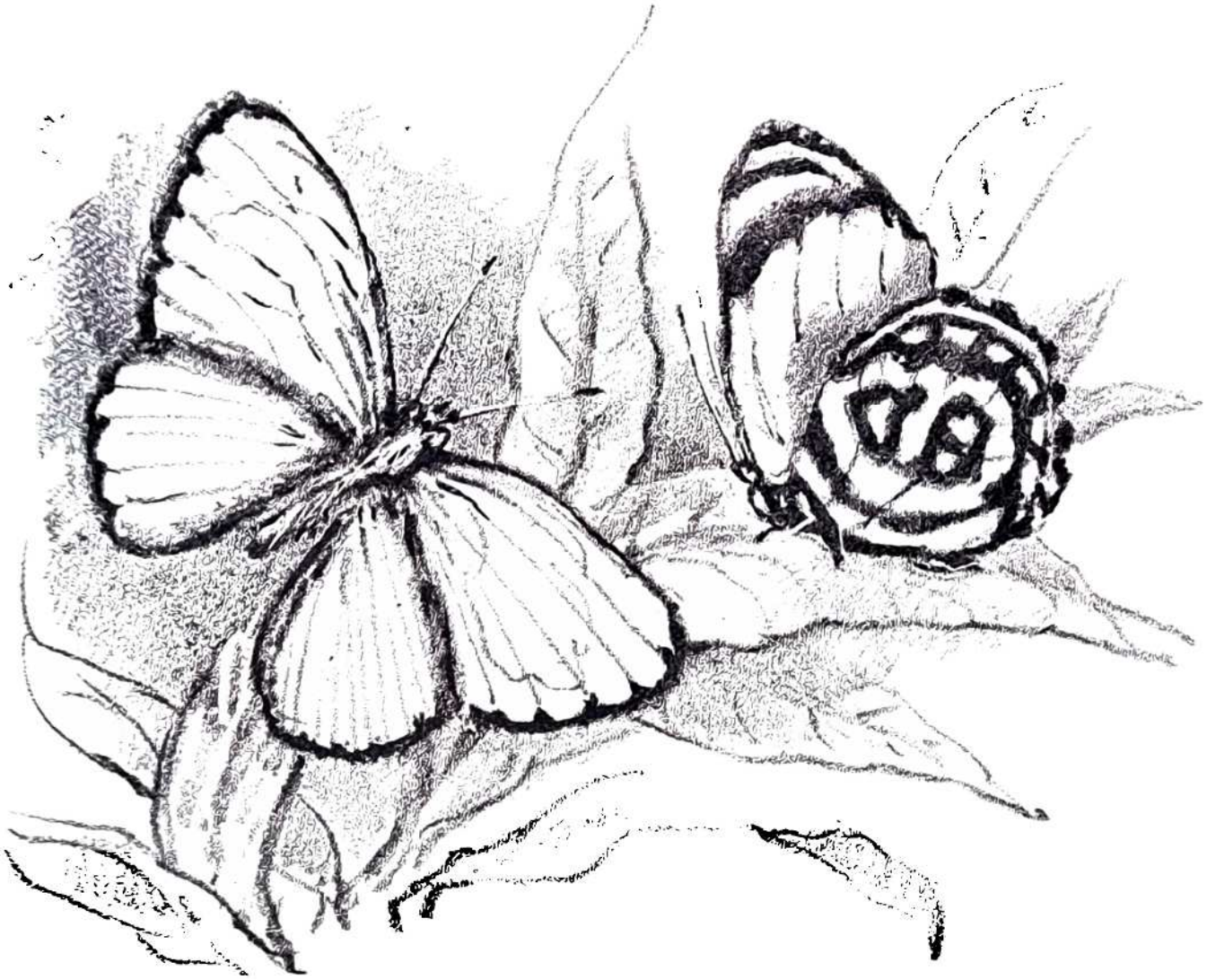
"No, but he discovered us."

"Discovered us! That's a good one. The impudence of some people! We didn't need to be discovered. We discovered ourselves long ago."

"In one sense, my dear, we did, but in another we didn't. It is an honour God puts upon all His creatures that they help one another not only to be known to the world, but even to know themselves. Men discover other men every day. It's a great industry, I tell you. It's what the people called critics do. And if a man can't say to a man, 'I have no need of thee,' much less can a poor butterfly say it."

"But it seems a kind of degradation to be called after anybody, as if one hadn't an identity of one's own. I thought we had passed through our last and final stage."

"So we have, my dear, as far as I know, but our new name will give us a fresh lease of life. We have got into books now, and our portraits, too. And it's a great honour, mind you, to be called after Mr. Hewitson. There was a Miss Gwendolen Breckonridge Featherstonehaugh, a great heiress, who was married only the other day to a Mr. Hewitson. I read about it in the papers, and saw a picture of her dress. It was very pretty, but not so pretty as yours. For the underside of yours is even prettier than the outside. And now she is called Mrs. Peter Dugald Hewitson, and sometimes just Old Hewitson's wife, and there



are hundreds of ladies who would willingly change places with her. And she had six bridesmaids, and they all wore boleros. I don't know what a bolero is; but oh! I wish I had one.* These dresses of ours have hardly been changed one bit since the creation of the world!"

"And are we to be called Peter Dugald Hewitson?"

"No, you silly! just Hewitson's Butterfly."

"Well, say what you like, but it still seems to me to be degrading."

But what would the Butterfly have thought if it had known that Mr. Hewitson was known amongst his friends, and both he and they were very proud of it, as Butterfly Hewitson, and sometimes simply Butterfly! And what would it have thought, still more, if it had known that God Himself is not ashamed to be named after us, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, the God of my father and mother, and *my* God; and there is at least one place in the Bible where He even gives up His Own Name altogether, and takes a man's — "This is the generation of them that seek Him, that seek Thy face, *O Jacob.*"

* No, no! Better as you are.—*Ed. M. W.*

1	S	He that doeth My words is like a man building a house,
2	M	Who digged and went deep,
3	Tu	And laid a foundation upon the rock.—*Luke 6, 48 (R. V.)*
4	W	Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner stone.—*Eph. 2, 20.*
5	Th	The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.—*1 Cor. 3, 13.*
6	F	A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.—*2 Tim. 2, 15.* "When I asked Mr. Lloyd, at Norwich, if he were in need of hands, he asked what I was. I replied, "A mason." Turning a keen and searching glance on me, he said, "Are you a mason, or only a man calling yourself a mason?"—*Henry Broadhurst, M.P.*
7	S	The workman is worthy of his meat.—*Matt. 10, 10.*
8	S	Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion.
9	M	Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces.—*Psalm 48, 2 (R. V.)*
10	Tu	We esteemed Him not.—*Is. 53, 3.*
11	W	Ye fools and blind.—*Matt. 23, 17.* When Sir J. E. Millais was painting Balhousie Castle, near Perth, an old woman came for three days and stood staring alternately at him and the castle, evidently without any notion of what he was about. "Well," he exclaimed at last, "what are you looking at?" "Weel, that's just what I was gaein to ask ye. What are *you* glowerin' at?"
12	Th	Look, ye blind, that ye may see.—*Is. 42, 18.*
13	F	Are we blind also?—*John 9, 40.*
14	S	Ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes.—*ver. 30.*
15	S	For my companions' sakes I will say, Peace be within thee.—*Ps. 122, 8.*
16	M	I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.—*Ps. 119, 63.*
17	Tu	The saints are the excellent in whom is all my delight.—*Ps. 16, 3.*
18	W	Enter not into the path of the wicked.—*Prov. 4, 15 (R.V.)*
19	Th	And walk not in the way of evil men.
20	F	Avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it, and pass on. "I aye kent he was a black, but yet I couldna put him out o' my head; he took sudden grips o' me like an evil thought. I aye ran frae him, and yet I sair doubt that I went looking for him too."—*Jean Myles when aying, in "Sentimental Tommy."*
21	S	I am weak though anointed King; and these men the sons of Zeruiah be too hard for me.—*2 Sam. 3, 39.*
22	S	Planted in the house of the Lord.—*Ps. 92, 13.*
23	M	The ungodly are like the chaff.—*Ps. 1, 4.*
24	Tu	The lamp of the wicked shall be put out.—*Prov. 13, 9.*
25	W	All that do wickedly shall be stubble.—*Mal. 4, 1.* "I, though I have long years of life before me, am already dead.—*Napoleon in St. Helena.*
26	Th	The sons of Belial shall be as thorns thrust away.—*2 Sam. 23, 6.*
27	F	If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death.—*John 8. 51.*
28	S	Though he were dead, yet shall he live.—*ch. 11, 25.*
29	S	He hath left off to do good.—*Ps. 36, 3.* Lady Blanche Balfour, mother of Mr. A. J. Balfour, said to one who had given up the habit of praying, "That is a mistake; keep the frame, and the picture will grow into it."
30	M	He that hath, to him shall be given.—*Mark 4, 25.*

GREENOCK JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW JOHN MENZIES & CO.

October, 1901. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 10.

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All the other volumes are now out of Print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Which is the First Commandment?

THREE weeks ago a boy, nine years of age, startled, and I hope cheered, his fellow-patients and the attendants in one of the Enteric Wards of our Infirmary by calling out, in a loud clear voice, "There is but One only, the living and true God." The little fellow in his delirium had evidently imagined, from what he told me afterwards, that he was in school, and in his place in his class, during the half-hour which, to the honour of our town, is daily given to the work of Religious Instruction.

What a person says in fever is, happily, not always a sample of what he thinks about when he is well. When the sea is troubled, its waters cast up mire and dirt. But even on the surface of the sweetest river an unclean bubble may form and for a moment float. Yet if such an illness as has been mentioned ever were to visit one, one would like, waking or sleeping, to be wholly the Lord's.

Many years ago as I was leaving the house of a young friend who was very ill, I met at the door an eminent Free Church minister, a man known all over Europe and America for the skill with which he has made the Book of Nature and the Word of God beautifully illustrate and interpret one another. "How is W— to-day?" he asked.

"Delirious," I said, "and singing hymns."

"I don't know for you," he answered, "but for myself, if I were delirious, I fear it is not hymns I should be singing!"

Even more striking than his repeating of an answer in our Shorter Catechism is the choice the boy made of the question to be answered, if, indeed, the word 'choice' may be here allowed. Verily out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength, because of Thine enemies; that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. For, says a great living theologian, "the rise of the human spirit to the conviction that there is One only, the Living and True God, is undoubtedly the greatest achievement in its history: all hope, not only for the future of religion, but for morals and science as well, depends upon it. But for us it has been made once for all; we believe in One God with every fibre of our being, intellectual and spiritual; we could not be polytheists if we tried." And again: "Only those who have studied the history of religions in the world can have any idea, and I believe even they can only now have a faint idea, of the inconceivable advance it meant for intelligence and morality, when all other divine forms faded out of the sky and the imagination of man, and one alone remained, God over all, blessed for ever. All science, all morals, all true piety depend on this faith; and the world owes more to it than to any other single

conviction, of any description whatever."

Specially in these days, amid the madness and darkness and sorrow that afflict the people of our own land and our kinsmen beyond the seas in the United States of America, ought these words to rouse and comfort us. "Hear, O Israel, The Lord our God is One Lord." "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 100.)

What is thy name?

Lord Raglan, 1788-1855, who commanded the British Forces in the Crimea, had for his wife Emily, daughter of the Earl of Mornington,

What is thy name?

Emily

and niece of the Duke of Wellington. At the battle of Waterloo, at the close of the day, as he was standing beside his chief, he was struck by a bullet. While they were amputating his arm—there was no chloroform in those days—he never said a word, but when the operation was over, he called to the orderly who was attending him, "Hallo! don't take away that arm till I have taken off my ring." It was a ring his wife had given him. He began to practise writing with his left hand next day, and there can be no doubt it would be to her he wrote the first letter.

EMILY JANE BRONTË, poetess and novelist, was scarcely thirty when she died in 1848. Critics are not agreed as to her place amongst British writers, but some put her very high. Matthew Arnold speaks of her as one

> Whose soul
> Knew no fellow for might,
> Passion, vehemence, grief,
> Daring, since Byron died,
> That world-famed son of fire—
> She who sank
> Baffled, unknown, self-consumed.

Her more famous sister Charlotte said of her that "she loved the Yorkshire moors where she lived. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side her mind could make an Eden." She was a girl of great courage and self-possession, like Sarah, not afraid with any amazement, that is, as the Revised Version gives it, not put in fear by any terror. Once, a mad dog, to which she was offering food and water, sprang at her and bit her. She went instantly to the laundry without a word to any one, heated a poker red-hot, and cauterised the wound herself. Another time, when her own mastiff, Keeper, had misbehaved, she thrashed him severely, though she had been warned that if he were touched by a stick he would fly at her throat. As was only to be expected, the dog was so astonished, and so much pleased, at finding he had a mistress who was not afraid to do what his conscience told him was her duty, that he loved and respected her, as he had done no other, from that day forth. When she died he followed her to the grave, and for many days after never ceased lamenting her. Disobedient boys, especially only sons who get all their own way—if there are any such who are readers of this little magazine—are invited to read this last paragraph very slowly twice over to their mothers. But the thing I most admire Emily for was the way she bore with her drunken brother. He so grieved and shamed his sisters, in more ways than one, that for two whole years one of them refused to speak to him. When bed-time came and he had not come home, Charlotte went to her room, but Emily sat up, and watched, and watched, never despairing, and loving him to the end. The last poem she wrote begins with these words:

> No coward soul is mine,
> No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
> I see Heaven's glories shine,
> And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

A Certain Poor Widow.

And Jesus sat down over against the treasury, and beheld how the multitude cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And He called unto Him His disciples, and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, This poor widow cast in more than all they which are casting into the treasury: for they all did cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.—*Mark 12, 41-44 (R. V.)*

O woman, casting thy two mites, how is't
Thy name's not given?
Himself a widow's son, the Evangelist
Might well have striven
—"Hush! hush! it was the doing of the Christ.

"This silence that my Master on me laid
Increased her fame!
Her glory's all the greater, for He made
Her Deed her Name—
The widow that did cast in all she had."

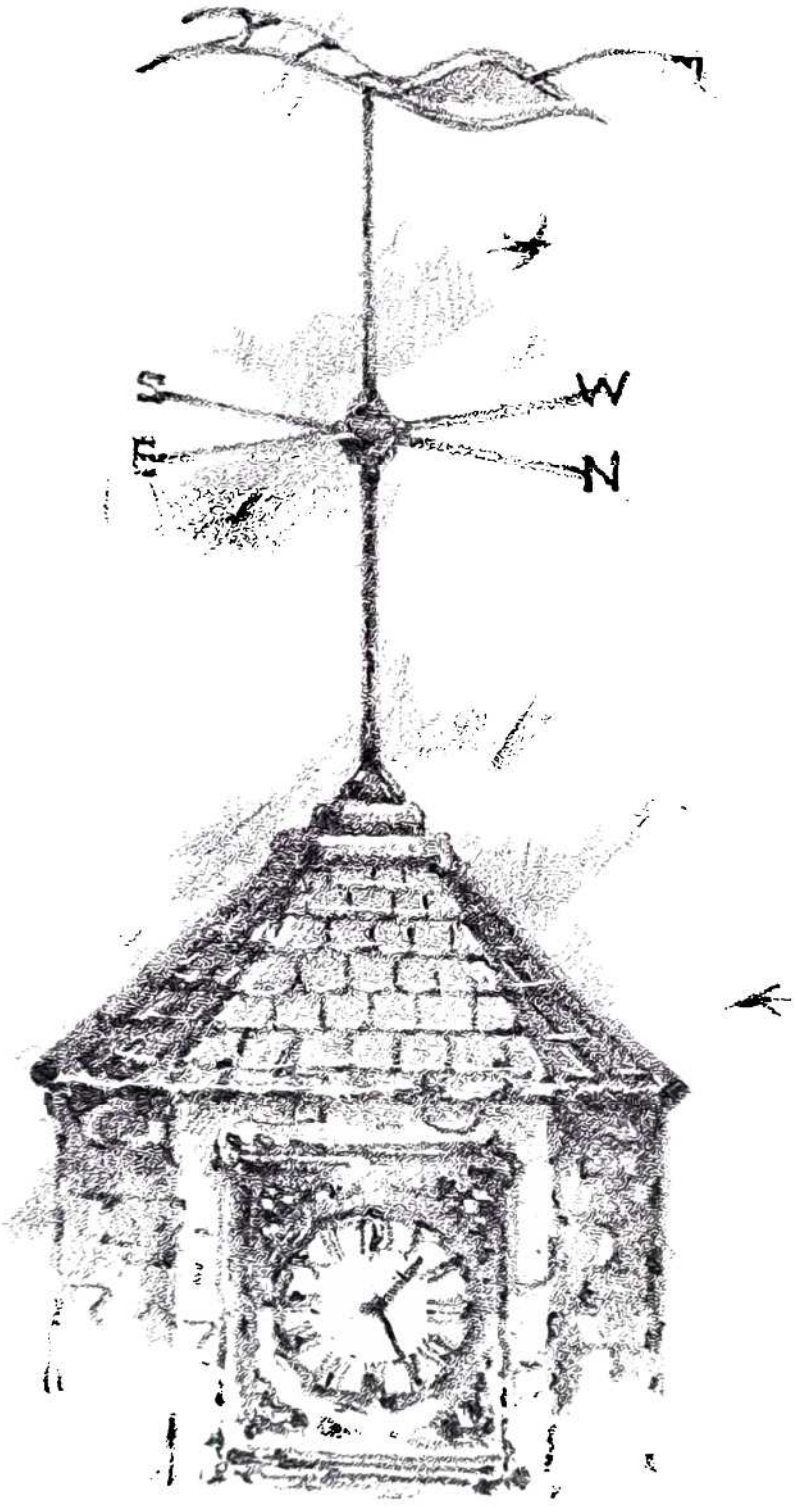
The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.—Prov. 28, 1.
There were they in great fear, where no fear was.—Ps. 53, 5.

WHEN the late R. L. Stevenson was sailing amongst the South Sea Islands thirteen years ago, he chanced one day, he tells us, to go ashore on one of them with his wife and the ship's cook. "Except for the yacht *Casco* lying outside, and a crane or two, and the ever-busy wind and sea, the face of the world was of a prehistoric emptiness; life appeared to stand stock-still, and the sense of isolation was profound and refreshing. On a sudden the trade wind, coming in a gust over the isthmus, struck and scattered the fans of the palms; and, behold! in two of the tops there sat a native, motionless as an idol and watching us, you would have said, without a wink. The next moment the tree closed, and the glimpse was gone. This discovery of human presences latent overhead in a place where we had supposed ourselves alone, the immobility of our tree-top spies, and the thought that perhaps at all hours we were similarly supervised, struck us with a chill. Talk languished on the beach. As for the cook (whose conscience was not clear), he never afterwards set foot on shore, and twice, when the *Casco* appeared to be driving on the rocks, it was amusing to observe that man's alacrity; death, he was persuaded, awaiting him on the beach."

It was more than a year later, when Mr. Stevenson was in the Gilbert Islands, that he found out the explanation of it all. The natives, it appeared, had been drawing palm-tree wine, a thing forbidden by law; and when the wind thus suddenly revealed them, they were doubtless even more troubled than Mr. Stevenson's own party!

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 10.

This young man did not go to Church last Sabbath, because he could not find a suitable pair of shoes in his boot-rack.



Seek Him That maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night: the Lord is His name.—Amos 5, 8.

OVER a public clock in Lochwinnoch, a little town twelve miles or so from Greenock, some wise man long ago has put a plough for weathercock. I wonder if he put it there as a mute appeal to God to remember His promise not to curse the ground any more for man's sake. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease. Or was it to re-

mind the sluggard, who would not plough by reason of the cold, that the time for ploughing would pass away, and he that will not plough in winter shall beg in harvest, and have nothing? Or was it to tell all passers-by, and specially those who looked down on farm labourers, that the ploughman's occupation is the oldest, the noblest, and the only absolutely necessary one in all the world, seeing the king himself is served by the field?

Perhaps the plough was put there to point out to all who passed under the gate into the House of Prayer, or round its walls into the churchyard, that in the kingdom of God there are ploughs standing idle, with no man between the stilts, stretching forth their hands all day to a gainsaying people, opportunities that no man will grasp, and that no man shall have the chance of grasping once his brief day has passed. Perhaps, as it stands there, waving its arms to every point of the compass, and gazing on the stooks that dot the autumn fields that stretch all around below, it is a sign to all not to be weary in well-doing. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not. He that plougheth should plough in hope. And is it not a call to those that have joyed according to the joy in harvest to hold themselves ready for another year of service, and to break up their fallow ground? Next year shall be as this year, and much more abundant.

It may be that the man who designed that weathercock was thinking of Him Who, beyond the circling sun that marks our days and hours, has set the Constellation of the Plough that nightly calls us back four thousand years, and bids us stand in awe, like Job, of Him That maketh the Bear, Orion, and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the south, Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number.

He Who walketh upon the wings of the wind has many ploughs that rest not day nor night, and no hands can set them going but His own. There is the frost, the fire, the stormy wind, the waters of the rivers and the seas, the percolating rain, the earthquake, and the worm. These all thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff. And for my heart that is harder than any rock, there is the hammer of His Word, the ploughshare of His Providence, the sword of His Spirit, and the light of His countenance.

The devil was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.—John 8. 44.

THERE was a man some years ago in a little village who used to put a two-shilling piece in the "plate" on Sabbaths. He was not rich, yet he was richer than those who earned more and gave less. One week he felt that God had been specially good to him, and he made up his mind to add a shilling to his collection the Sabbath after. But oddly enough—how such things happen I do not know, but happen

they do—the only silver change he could get on the Saturday night consisted of threepenny-bits. So next day he put eleven of them into the plate at the church door and three pennies on the top of them lest anyone should think he was pretending to put in a whole handful of silver.

When the sun shines it shines on more than one field. Temperature goes up all round, as a rule. And that Sabbath was quite a high day in that little congregation. Several families had felt their hearts warming towards God and God's cause. There was but one shilling-piece in the collection, and that was the minister's—he had only sixty pounds a year—but there were some sixpences and more threepennies, so that the amount gathered that day was almost twice the average. There was a fine joyous feeling in the air, too. Most people thought that somehow or other it was as happy a Sabbath as they remembered to have had.

But the elder at the plate that day was a contentious discontented man who never did anything but find fault. On the Monday, meeting the minister, he said to him, "Yesterday was the first Sabbath in my experience, and I have been an elder for nineteen years, it will be twenty years come December since I was elected, but I never saw a Sabbath before in all that time in which there was only one silver shilling in the plate. I doubt, I doubt the cause of religion is very low amongst us, and it didn't use to be that."

The minister was a young man and didn't know then—indeed it took him thirty years to find it out—that a grumbler should never be believed, for all grumblers are liars. On the Sabbath after, he preached from the text—"The love of many shall wax cold," and was evidently so much downcast that his people went home that day, and went about their work that week, with sorrowful hearts. They felt sure he regretted coming amongst them.

On the Thursday, as the treasurer was banking the money, one of the Judges of the Court of Session—a man who was never on the side of the angels—came in to ask change for a five-pound note, and seeing so many threepennies on the counter looked inquiringly at the teller, and was told that that was a church-door collection, and that the reason why there were so many threepenny-bits was that, unfortunately for Scotch piety, there was no such coin as a two-penny-bit!

Some weeks afterwards, in the course of a debate in the Court of Session, some visitors being present, several of them Americans, a young counsel happened to remark that the difference between two offers in the case before them had only been the trifling one of twopence or threepence. "Oh! don't speak of threepence in that way, Mr. Rolfe," said our friend on the bench. "I am credibly informed that threepence is the value of a Scotchman's religion and you know how dear that is to him. I saw a church collection recently—but

don't misunderstand me! It was in a bank I saw it."

What that wise Judge said got more or less correctly into the newspapers. And then followed a series of articles on The Decline of Scotch Piety, The Reasons for the Failure of the Pulpit to reach the Educated Classes, Why Working-men won't go to Church, The Lack of Humour amongst Preachers, The Wits of the Scottish Bench and Bar, The Greed of the Clergy, and, On a Certain Obtuseness in Scotch Ministers.

The discussion reached America a month or two afterwards, and there were many touching articles in the secular and religious press with such headlines as these: The Decadence of Europe, Stands Scotland Where It Did? Presbyterianism Almost Defunct, The Almighty Bawbee in the Land of the Martyrs, Astonishing Confession of a Great Scotch Judge in Open Court. Several of these articles, which were written by young men of three-and-twenty who had had no time to see anything, or by old men who had had plenty of time, but had kept their eyes shut, began thus: "At no previous period in any country in the whole world's history," &c., &c., and one of them ended with these words: "It makes our heart bleed to have to write these words about the state of religion and morals in a land where the heather is still red with the blood of the Covenanters. But can either our facts or our inferences be disputed, when we find that only five weeks ago, in the very capital of Scotland, in the course of a great and epoch-making discussion whose far-reaching consequences we purblind mortals can but faintly discern, before an assemblage of thousands representing every class of society and every shade of opinion, a great Scotch Judge, sitting in the seat of Moncrieff, Inglis, and Jerviswoode, was not ashamed to declare that he himself had long ceased to go to Church, and only remembered his last visit by the mortification he experienced in discovering that the coin of least value either in his own pocket or his wife's purse was a three-penny piece?" . . . .

And all these falsehoods and slanders sprang out of the foolish hearts of one or two men and the solitary fact that one or two shops in a little village had run out of shillings and half-crowns on a Saturday night!

Some of you boys and girls will perhaps not understand the meaning of this that I have written, but it will save you much sorrow, and keep you from much sin in life, if you remember these things:

1. Don't believe everything you hear.

2. Don't believe everything you read.

3. Believe nothing that a grumbler says. And

4. Don't believe everything you see. The man whom you saw putting a shilling in the plate perhaps put half-a-sovereign under it. Many a man has done that, and you may even live to do it yourselves!

October.

1	Tu	Some seed fell on stony ground.—*Mark 4, 5.*
2	W	Immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth.
3	Th	Because it had no root, it withered away. Humboldt said of Frederick William IV. of Prussia—"We covered the King's mind with a good deal of diluvium and vegetable mould upon which some grass and even a few beautiful flowers once grew, but the storms of 1840 swept it all away and left nothing but the original granite."
4	F	Joash did that which was right all the days of Jehoiada the priest.—*2 Chron. 24, 2.*
5	S	When the judge was dead, they corrupted themselves.—*Judges 2, 19.*
6	S	Mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me.—*Job 16, 9.*
7	M	An evil eye.—*Mark 7, 22.* "I know no torture more maddening to the nerves and more insulting to a man's pride than that which I suffered five years—to have two eyes, full of enmity, levelled at me day and night, every instant and under every condition, and never to be able to escape or defy them, without one moment's respite."—*Dreyfus' Five Years of My Life.*
8	Tu	They looked unto Him and were lightened :
9	W	And their faces were not ashamed.—*Ps. 35, 5.*
10	Th	I will set Mine eyes upon them for good.—*Jer. 24, 6.*
11	F	I will guide thee with Mine eye.—*Ps. 32, 8.*
12	S	The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee.—*Numb. 6, 26.*
13	S	There hath not failed one word of all His good promise.—*1 Kings 8, 56.*
14	M	The Lord keepeth truth for ever.—*Ps. 146, 6.*
15	Tu	I tell you the truth.—*John 8, 45.*
16	W	Stand, having your loins girt about with truth.—*Eph. 6, 14.*
17	Th	The Lord hateth a lying tongue.—*Prov. 6, 17.* "Nancy our servant said she never kenned folk mak' sic a wark about a bit lee as we did."—*Mrs. Carlyle's Letters.*
18	F	The lip of truth shall be established for ever :
19	S	But a lying tongue is but for a moment.—*Ch. 12, 19.*
20	S	I can do all thiugs. ("How much sail that man carries!" said some one of an
21	M	American divine. "Yes, young man," was the answer, "but you don't know how much ballast he carries.") I can do all things in Him That strengtheneth me.—*Phil. 4, 13 (R. V.)*
22	Tu	When they saw the boldness of Peter and John, they marvelled.
23	W	They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.—*Acts. 4, 13.*
24	Th	Not that we are sufficient of ourselves,
25	F	But our sufficiency is of God.—*2 Cor. 3, 5.*
26	S	The Lord looked on Gideon and said, Go in this thy might.—*Judg. 6, 14.*
27	S	As your fathers did, so do ye.—*Acts 7, 51.* "My experience convinces me that most lads will learn their father's trade quicker than any other."—*Henry Broadhurst, M.P.*
28	M	I am not better than my fathers.—*1 Kings, 19, 4.*
29	Tu	Abijam walked in all the sins of his father.—*1 Ch. 15, 3.*
30	W	John said unto them, Ye offspring of vipers.—*Matt. 3, 7 (R. V.)*
31	Th	Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.—*Ch. 5, 48.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 11.

The First Snows.

The "Morning Watch" for 1899, being Vol. XII., may still be had. Price, including postage, One Shilling and Threepence.

All the other volumes are now out of Print.

Vol. XIV., for 1901, will be ready on the 20th inst. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Old Grannie Auchterlonie.

IT is fifty-seven years now since Peter Baldwin died. He was only eight-and-twenty, and was known over the country-side as "the handsome forester." The first question any stranger put after leaving church on the Sabbath was always: "Who was that fine-looking fellow with the lovely beard?" Peter is now forgotten, though I believe in some scientific work in which an estimate is given of the number of leaves that grow on various kinds of trees at different ages, there is a footnote to this effect: "For many of the facts given in this paper, the writer is indebted to a young forester, whose name he has unfortunately mislaid." The counting of those leaves was a notion Peter had taken into his head, and it occupied much of his spare time for several years. He was engaged to Jeanie Auchterlonie when he died, and would have been married to her three years before, had not two ill-doing jealous neighbours basely stirred up strife between them. The misunderstanding was cleared up some months before he died, but the happiness of two young lives was wrecked.

Jeanie never married, but amongst all her neighbours and their children she was known as Grannie. She spent forty years of her life in service, and in spite of herself, for she was always giving away money to some good cause or some poor body, managed to lay by £100. The evening of her days she spent in helping the women round about her in their troubles, nursing their children, and teaching their daughters not only the fear of God, but all those household arts that purchase for a woman a good degree. She was a fine story-teller, too, with a gift of humour which men, who were but moderately endowed in that line themselves, said was quite extraordinary in a woman. And she was a fine mimic, but, unless where kindness would have been out of place, a kindly one, with a rare talent for the making of imaginary dialogues.

Her greatest weakness was *gathering sticks*, which she constantly affirmed was both Old and New Testament theology, work worthy not only of an Apostle but also of an Angel, yes, she would sometimes say with a very sweet touch of reverence in her voice, worthy of the Risen Lord Himself. Those who heard her read the story of Elijah meeting the widow who had been commanded to sustain him, not riding with her twenty maids on white she-asses but—gathering of sticks, could never afterwards doubt that there was such a thing as *humour* in the Bible.

Two strange things about sticks never ceased to astonish her; first, that God in His love should not grudge spending years in making a piece of wood grow and then give it willingly to make a fire for an hour

or two for poor men and women; and secondly, the amount of dead and rotten wood there was even in the healthiest and fairest trees. Which thing, she would say, is an allegory.

No one who ever saw her kindling a fire had any difficulty in understanding the words in the story I have already referred to—"And, behold, I am gathering *two sticks*." She was not only economical herself in her use of them, but she taught all those to whom she gave them—and she wasn't happy unless she was giving—the same rare art.

The girls who sat at her feet are now scattered all over the country, and wherever they have gone they are notable women, for they have introduced a new standard of wise and holy living. Their husbands are the envy of their mates, and their children the pride and glory of their schoolmasters.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 112.)

What is thy name?

Emily.

Emily Evamy was the maiden name of the mother of Sir J. E. Millais, the painter. She was a young widow when his father married her. She undertook the greater part of her son's education, grounding him in history, poetry, and literature, and in the knowledge, so necessary to an artist, of costume and armour. He used to say to his sons, "I owe everything to my mother."

How Emily Prankard became the wife of James Gilmour, the heroic missionary to the Mongols, is best told in his own words. He had first asked a Scotch girl to marry him, but found he was too late. "I then put myself and the direction of this affair—I mean the finding of a wife—into God's hands, asking Him to look me out one, a good one too." In May 1873 he had gone to board at Peking with the Rev. S. E. Meech, who had married a Miss Prankard the year before. There he saw the portrait of Mrs. Meech's sister and often heard her referred to in conversation. It seems that she too had heard of him. As Izaak Walton says about George Herbert and Jane Danvers, they "fell in love with each other unseen, and so wooed like princes. A mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist." Towards the close of 1873 Gilmour took Mrs. Meech into his confidence, and asked leave to write to her sister. On January 14, 1874, he wrote thus to his father and mother:—"I have written and proposed to a girl in England. It is true I have never seen her and I know very little about her; but what I do know is good. . . . Her mother

What is thy name?

Emily

supports herself and her daughter by keeping a school in London. One of the hindrances will be perhaps that the mother will not be willing to part with her daughter, as she is, no doubt, the life of the school. I don't know, so I have written and made the offer, and leave them to decide. If she cannot come, then there is no harm done. If she can arrange to come, then my hope is fulfilled. . . . You may think I am rash in writing to a girl I have never seen. If you say so, I may just say that I have something of the same feeling; but what am I to do? I am very easy-minded over it all, because I have exercised the best of my thoughts on the subject, and put the whole matter into the hands of God, asking Him, if it be best, to bring her, if it be not best, to keep her away, and He can manage the whole thing well." On his return from Mongolia to Kalgan in July a letter from her was awaiting him, and he found he was "an accepted man." She set out in autumn, Rebecca-like, to meet the man God had chosen for her, and on the fourth day after her arrival at Peking they were married, on December 8. "She is a jolly girl," he wrote, "a good lassie, any quantity better than me, and just as handy as a Scotch lass would have been."

She died September 19, 1885, happy, though she was leaving her husband and their little ones behind her. "Well, Jamie, I am going, I suppose. I'll soon see you there. It wont be long." Her husband having said she would not want him much there, she fondly said she would. "I think I'll sit at the gate and look for you coming."

Emma.

EMMA, which is a different name from Emily, is thought to be a child's word like Abba; it means *Nurse.*

Mr. Dent, a well-known maker and seller of gloves in London, having made a great fortune, rented for a number of years the historic residence of Sudeley Castle, where Catherine Parr, sixth and last wife of Henry VIII. lies buried. Mrs. EMMA DENT, his wife, always kept a parcel of gloves, as if direct from the shop, lying in a conspicuous place in the hall, "to keep herself and her family humble" in the midst of their magnificence.

EMMA was the name of the Schoolmaster's little Daughter mentioned in Wordsworth's "Two April Mornings." When her father was speaking about her to the poet she had been dead for more than thirty years.

> Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
> The pride of all the vale;
> And then she sang! She would have been
> A very nightingale!

EMMA SANSON, a girl of fourteen, bravely guided an officer to a river ford in face of the enemy during the Civil War in America forty years ago. The officer, General Nathan Forrest, was above six feet in height. When the enemy fired she ran in front of him, spread out her frock, and said, "Get in behind me!" For this exploit the Legislature of Alabama voted her a gift of 640 acres of good land, and let us hope that a good husbandman to look after both her and her land was forthcoming in due time.

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 11.

These Girls are practising the new fashionable game of Table Tennis, or "Ping Pong," as it is called, but they are not going to Church to-morrow because they see from the newspapers that a second cousin of theirs, Sir Denton Ford, K.C.S.I., died at Buxton last Monday, and their mourning can't be ready before Tuesday.

Sine Te Jehovah Cuncta Nil—God is the Builder, Praesit Be He.

I READ these words a few weeks ago on a lintel, which had evidently been taken from an older building, over a doorway in the village "green," or square, in the ancient town of Kilwinning. The first line means, *Without Thee, Jehovah, all things (are) nought.* In the second line I cannot help thinking there is a play upon the word PRÆSIT, which, if it be a Latin word, means, *Let Him be the Master,* that is to say, God built the house, and we wish Him to stay in it and be the Head of it. If the mason who carved the inscription knew Latin, probably he meant that to be the last word. Perhaps some fellow-workman, thinking the word was Scotch, added *Be He* to complete what must have seemed to him an unfinished sentence, *God is the Builder, Praised Be He.* Or perhaps the mason, seeing there was space left in the line, and seeing further the possibilities that lay in the word *præsit,* added the two little words *Be He,* so making it, for the sake of the unlearned, an ascription of praise to God, but at the same time giving to any passer-by who knew a little Latin the chance of saying that the word might have stood alone, and in that case have been taken for a prayer and not a thanksgiving.

If any of you in days to come, by the blessing of God, should ever have to build a house for yourselves, I think it would be a wise thing if you were to ask some good man of taste and scholarship to choose some words to be carved on it. It would not be a bad plan to have it part English and part some other language, so that the learned and the unlearned might profit, the learned having double honour, but the wayfaring man, though a fool, getting his portion too.

Words in an unknown tongue always appeal to the imagination. They are like a shut door or a locked drawer. When I was a boy, my companions and myself used to come home from school a round-about way through what was called "The Orchard" in those days. It lay to the west of Blythswood Square in Glasgow. At the south end of it there was a Church—still there—which had these strange-looking words cut out in stone high up:

ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ Η ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΤΗΣ ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑΣ.

Higher up still, twisted round the iron rods on the spire that marked the points of the compass, was the tail, and, I think, the bow, that was part of the frame of a kite that had been caught there. Many a time for many a year we gazed at that tail. It was a tragedy that went to a boy's heart. But those queer looking letters always impressed us more. We knew all about the "dragon", and were touched by it. But the mystery of the writing underneath subdued us. We had no clew to it. And it looked uncanny. Yet, if we had only known it, the words were a message of glad tidings to us,

Jesous Christos he Kephale tes ecclesias,

that is, Jesus Christ the head of the Church—gracious words, and yet they frightened us!

The Two Clocks.

TICK; TICK; TICK: one tick every second; 86,400 every day; more than a million every twelve days; and thirty-one-and-a-half millions every year! So the old eight-day clock had gone on steadily, day and night, week in week out, winter and summer, for a hundred-and-three years. Many a lonely watch it had kept; many an eerie sound it had heard in the long, dark winter nights; now and again it had shivered all over when rats came and pattered over the floor. But through it all it had gone on uncomplainingly with its solemn TICK; TICK. Now, for the first time, it had spent two weeks in a clockmaker's, and had come home improved, but only bodily. It had been stared at and praised a good deal; had heard much about the hardness of the metal out of which its works had been cut; strangers had been called in to look at it; one curiosity-hunter had offered for it any price in reason that might be asked. When it came back to its own home, it came back, therefore, swept and garnished, but vain and

empty-headed. It beat as solemnly as ever, but its gong had lost the rich, sweet tone that belongs to kindliness and innocence. The jarring note of pride had entered in.

It was barely set up in its place in the lobby close by the parlour door, indeed it had only said TICK; TICK; six times, when it discovered there was an interloper in the house —another clock in the kitchen, which went *tick-a-tick tick-a-tick tick-a-tick*, without a pause. The new clock had been very happy since it had come ten days before. It had a bright, cheery, merry maid to look at, who gave it many a glance, and always a kindly one. It liked to hear her singing, and was very proud and happy when, as she heard it striking the hour for the first time, she said, "Oh, what a pretty, sweet gong it has!" But its cup of joy was full when it heard them setting up the old clock in the lobby. "Now," it thought, "I shall have some one to speak to, that I can tell all my thoughts to, and I shall have company all night." There were many things it wished to say about the maid, for it dearly loved her. She cleaned its face so gently every morning, and was so clever with her hands it was a treat to watch her. *Its* hands just did the same things over and over again, but *hers* could turn to anything. It liked best to watch her when she wrote letters; it couldn't make out what they were, but she seemed then always at her happiest, and would look up so often and so eagerly at the little clock! What could she be doing?

When the big clock discovered the presence of the little one it got very angry. But it resolved to take no notice of it, for a time at least. After a while, however, the little one thought it should perhaps apologise for intruding. "I am the new kitchen clock," it said.

Getting no answer, after a little it added—"I was so glad when I heard you were coming back. And they are all glad; they missed you so much."

"I didn't catch what you said you were," said the old clock.

"I said I was the new kitchen clock."

"The new what?"

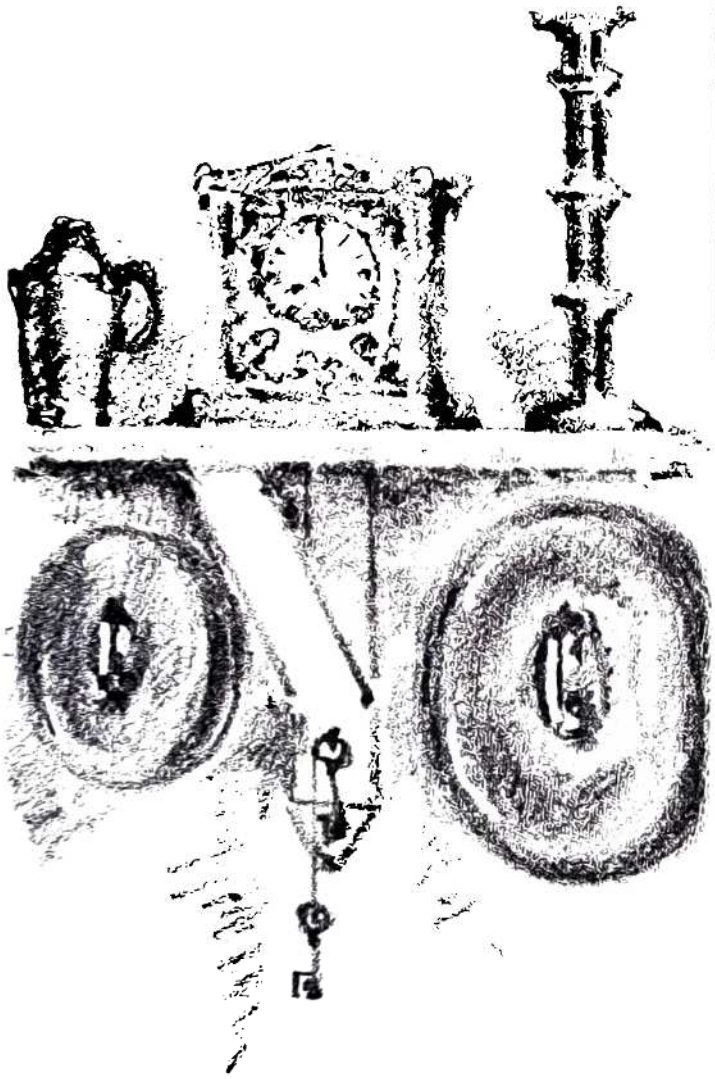
"The new *kitchen clock*."

"Oh, indeed! a clock! I thought I heard something, but I didn't know what it was. I thought it was mice cheeping at first, or playing with a bit of paper. And then I thought it perhaps a new kind of thing for beating eggs. You make a very irritating noise. What *is* it you are doing with that *tick a-tick tick-a-tick tick-a-tick*?"

"I'm beating time."

"Now, don't be impertinent," said the old clock. "There are sixty minutes in the hour, and sixty seconds in the minute, and if you were beating time, you would do as I do, TICK; TICK. There is only one kind of time, and that is correct time, and you don't keep it; I do; TICK; TICK; TICK. You beat twelve times for my five, and I suppose when I say it's five o'clock, you'll say it's twelve."

"Oh, no," said the other, "we shall agree at the end of every hour,



and, for that matter, at the end of every minute as well."

"I'm a long way more than a hundred years old," said the other, "and I tell you this, that if we don't agree *in every particular*, there is no agreement whatever possible between us. There is no union where there is not absolute unanimity. Truth is one and indivisible, and every particle of truth is as essential as every other part."

"I don't know what you mean by these words 'one,' and 'indivisible,' and 'essential,'" said the little clock, "but though I beat twelve times to your five, surely you and I will beat together at the end of every fifth second, and if I beat steadily and regularly a hundred-and-forty-four times to your sixty, and if I point with my hand to the minute at the end of that time, surely we shall agree?"

"How can a hundred-and-forty-four be the same as sixty?" said the old clock.

"Quite easily," said the other. "I am not made to beat seconds, I don't profess to do it, I'm only a little clock made to be stuck up on a shelf. Every beat I give means only five-twelfths of a second, and a hundred-and-forty-four five-twelfths of a second are surely the very same as sixty whole seconds?"

"Then, at that rate," said the old clock, "where are you to draw the line? If you beat at five-twelfths of a second, some other clock may beat at six-thirtieths, or four-twentieths!"

"Quite so, and why not?"

"I tell you once for all," said the old clock, "truth is one, and unchangeable, and indivisible, and all truth is essential, and we must draw the line somewhere. I have nothing more to say to you. Agreement, even friendship, between us is impossible. Your hands may be the hands of a clock, you may have a clock's face, and all a clock's works, and have a gong like the tongue of an angel; you may even

to all appearance discharge all the functions of a clock, and people may cook their meals and catch their trains by you, and never miss an appointment, and may even be able to tell the time to others, but all that signifies nothing, and faithfulness to the truth simply compels me *to deny that you are a clock at all.*"

. . . . .

On the Saturday forenoon when the mistress of the house had wound up the old clock, she told the maid to put the little clock back; it had gone six minutes fast. The little clock was quite pleased to be put right, but the big one was angry. "Only six minutes wrong! I bargained for at least sixty times six."

But when the master of the house came home at two, he said to his wife, "That clock in the lobby is all wrong; it made me miss the train to-day. It is five minutes and a half behind."

. . . . .

Next forenoon, when the family and the maid had gone out, and the house was quiet, and the church bells had stopped, the old clock began to speak.

"Here, I say, I talked a lot of nonsense the other day, and you must just forgive me. There's neither of us perfect, but you were more perfect than I. I see now that our differences are only proofs of our agreement, and while others agree to differ, you and I will differ to agree. We are going the same road. My steps are longer than yours, but yours are quicker than mine, and so there are more of them. We must help each other all we can, working to one another's hands, and glad we have a master who will set and keep us both right at the end of the day."

Zacchæus.

LEAST BUT NOT LAST.

And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the trees of the garden. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid; and I hid myself.—*Gen. 3, 8.*

And Zacchæus sought to see Jesus, who He was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him; for He was to pass that way.—*Luke 19, 3.*

I saw *Zacchæus* on the road;
"Running"—I cried—"away from God?

"Running like *Adam* to a tree
To hide from Him That seeth thee?"

He heeded not, and as he ran
I scorned the little Publican.

But when we reached that sycamore,
And He Whom all His hosts adore

Looked up and said, "Make haste, come down,
This day I make thy house My Own,"

I knew that I had blundered, when
I paired the *first* and *least* of men.

I gat me the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.—Eccl. 2, 8.

1	F	Give heed to reading, to exhortation, to teaching.—*1 Tim. 4, 13 (R. V.).* Over the door of the great library of Murcia in Spain are these words: "Here it is the Dead that open the eyes of the Living."
2	S	Be diligent in these things; that thy progress may be manifest to all.—*v. 15.* Sir Thomas Bodley, who restored the Bodleian Library in 1598, received as part of his coat of arms the Three Crowns of Oxford University, the motto being, *Quarta perennis erit*, the Fourth will be an everlasting one.
3	S	Let me know how frail I am.—*Ps. 39, 4 (R. V.).*
4	M	Man whose breath is in his nostrils.—*Is. 2, 22.*
5	Tu	The putting off of my tabernacle cometh swiftly.—*2 Pet. 1, 14.*
6	W	Houses of clay.—*Job 4, 19.* "Mrs Duncan Stewart, having asked Lord Beaconsfield if he was quite well, could never forget, she said, the hollow voice in which he replied, '*Nobody* is quite well.'"—*Augustus Hare's Story of My Life.*
7	Th	I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.—*Ps. 139, 14.*
8	F	Him Who is the health of my countenance.—*Ps. 42, 11.*
9	S	It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory.—*1 Cor. 15, 43.*
10	S	For it is precept upon precept, precept upon precept,
11	M	Line upon line, line upon line,
12	Tu	Here a little, there a little.—*Is. 28, 10.* "The mason's word— Lay a stane beside a stane, and a stane abune twa, Pack weel, and point weel, maks a firm wa.'" —*Rev. R. Anderson's History of Kilsyth.*
13	W	Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone,
14	Th	In Whom each several building, fitly framed together,
15	F	Groweth into a holy temple in the Lord.—*Eph. 2, 20.*
16	S	Rooted and grounded in love.—*Ch. 3, 17.*
17	S	Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace.—*Heb. 4, 16.*
18	M	The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence,
19	Tu	And men of violence take it by force.—*Matt. 11. 12 (R. V.).*
20	W	There was no longer room for them, no, not even about the door.
21	Th	They uncovered the roof where He was,
22	F	And when they had broken it up, they let down the bed.
23	S	Jesus seeing their faith.—*Mark 2, 2.* "On Dante Club nights at Boston, if you came in without question, you were a guest; but if you rang or knocked, you could not get in."—*D. W. Howell.*
24	S	He That createth the wind, the Lord is His name.—*Amos 4, 13.*
25	M	The trees of the wood are moved with the wind.—*Is. 7, 2.* "Listen the trees! The long, low 'Ah' of foliage."—*Stephen Phillips.*
26	Tu	The south wind blew softly.—*Acts 27, 13.* "Every season has its music. The winds of every part of the year have their appropriate tones."—*Autobiography of John Struthers (1776-1853).*
27	W	The four winds strove upon the great sea.—*Dan. 7, 2.*
28	Th	The day of the east wind.—*Is. 27, 8.*
29	F	The voice of God in the cool (literally, the wind) of the day.—*Gen. 3, 8.*
30	S	A still small voice.—*1 Kings 19, 12.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIV. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 12.

The Old Bridge.

The "Morning Watch" for 1899, being Vol. XII., may still be had. Price, including postage, One Shilling and Threepence.

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The Bridge.

BRIDGES have always been looked on as interesting and, in a measure, solemn things. They are wonderful simply as pieces of masonry. Tennyson thought a wheel one of the greatest of inventions, but the arch of a bridge is in some ways an even greater thing. Bridges divide as well as unite opposing river sides. Highways for the peaceful timid wayfaring man, they have been the most fiercely fought for positions in many a bloody fight. On an ordinary road one can look before and after and above, but from a bridge one can look down as well. It is a road above a road. Gentle and simple, we all like to look over the side. There is always something to see—a man fishing, a child wading, a boat sailing, a pair of ducks swimming, or a leaf floating. And if there be none of these, there is at least water, water moving, and movement pleases us all. "I like to stand and watch the river Orontes at Antioch," I once heard the late Mrs. Martin say in a missionary address, "it is the only thing in Syria that seems to *go*."

The past year, on whose twelfth arch we are now standing, has been to the whole world a bridge between two centuries. To some known to us it has been a bridge between two eternities. What has it been specially to each of us?

"It was long since pointed out by qualified observers," says Mr. Arthur Norway in his charming book on Devonshire and Cornwall, "that a bridge across a running stream conduces to idleness in such a spot as this. Here idleness is a virtue, and he is a bad man who hastens by with no more than a passing thought for the brown water foaming under the old bridge, and the dark pools round which it swirls."

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 124.)

What is thy name?

Esther

Esther is a Persian word and means a *star*. Queen Esther, one of the two women after whom books in the Bible are called, had another name, a Hebrew one, Hadassah, which means *Myrtle*. The great verse in her book, and one of the great verses of Scripture is this one: "For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who

What is thy name? Esther

knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" The meaning of that is this. Esther, who was an orphan girl brought up by her cousin Mordecai, was sent into the world, like every one of us, with a certain particular work to do. For that work God gave her the necessary preparation, opportunity, and summons. By doing it at the risk of her life, with simple faith in God, she won the crown of glory that God offered her. But had she refused to do it, not only would she have missed the very object for which God had made her, and lost that life she was too keen to save, but God would have raised up some other person to accomplish His sure decree, and the glory and renown she might have had would have been given to that other. It is the same warning which God gave to the Church in Philadelphia: "Hold that fast which thou hast, *that no man take thy crown.*"

MRS. ESTHER KELLO, 1571-1624, was one of the greatest masters of the art of penmanship that have ever lived. Her father Nicholas Langlois and her mother Marie Prisott fled to England from France with their infant children after the massacre of Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day in 1572. She married about 1596 Bartholomew Kello of Leith, 'minister of God's word.' One occasionally sees handwriting, especially women's, with so much character and beauty in it that one instinctively feels that the writers are not only clever, but good and lovable. Good handwriting may well be a means of grace, as bad writing may be a provocation to much sin.

MRS. ESTHER EDWARDS was the mother of Jonathan Edwards, President of Princeton College in America, a man eminent for his godliness and considered by many one of the most powerful thinkers that ever lived. Mrs. Edwards had eleven children, Jonathan being the only son in a nest of ten girls. She was a woman of queenly presence and noble character. She died in 1770, in the ninety-ninth year of her age. Her father was Solomon Stoddard, pastor of a Congregational Church in Massachusetts for fifty-six years. I commend to you the title of one of his sermons: "*The Safety of Appearing at the Day of Judgment in the Righteousness of Christ.*"

ESTHER DRUCE was the faithful old servant of Dr. Routh, the venerable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who died in 1854, in the hundredth year of his age, and yet left his will unsigned, purposing to do it "to-morrow." On the evening of his death Esther was standing at the foot of his bed. "Now, Esther," he said, "I seem better." He crossed his hands and closed his eyes. "She heard him repeat the Lord's Prayer softly to himself. Presently she proposed to give him a little medicine as the doctor had recommended. He drank it; feebly took her hand, thanked her for all her attention to him, and remarked that he had been 'a great deal of trouble'; adding that he had made some provision for her. His leg occasioned him pain. 'Let me make you a little more comfortable,' she said, intending to change the dressing. 'Don't trouble yourself,' he

What is thy name?

Esther

replied. Those were the last words he spoke. Folding his arms across his breast he became silent. He heaved two short sighs and all was over."

MISS ESTHER BEECHER was one of those delightful Aunties of whom the world happily has many. Her niece, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, speaks of her sparkling hazel eyes, her keen and ready wit, and her never-failing flow of anecdote and information. "She had read on all subjects--chemistry, philosophy, physiology, but especially on natural history. If any child was confined to the house by sickness, her recounting powers were a wonderful solace. I have heard a little patient say, 'Only think! Aunt Esther has told me *nineteen rat stories* all in a string!' I remember once we said to her, 'Aunt Esther, how came you to know so much about every sort of thing?' 'Oh,' said she, 'you know the Bible says the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. Now I happened to have pleasure therein, and so I sought them out.'"

So much for a good Aunt. Now for a very queer one. It is Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare who speaks of her in his *Story of my Life*. "I had a favourite cat called Selma, which I adored, which followed me about, wherever I went. AUNT ESTHER saw this, and at once insisted that the cat must be given up to her. I wept over it in agonies of grief: but Aunt Esther insisted. My mother was relentless in saying that I must be taught to give up my own way and pleasure to others, and forced to give it up if I would not do so willingly. With many tears I took Selma in a basket to the Rectory. For some days it almost comforted me for going to my Uncle's house, because then I possibly saw my idolised Selma. But soon there came a day when Selma was missing: Aunt Esther had ordered her to be.....hung!"

Eunice

EUNICE is a lovely name, but it should be pronounced not as u-niss, but in three syllables as u-nee-say. It is made up of two Greek words, the first of which means *well*, and the second *victory*. It was the name of Timothy's mother, eminent for her "unfeigned faith," and faith, says John, is the victory that overcometh the world. And do you remember EUNICE BIRCH, of whom I told you once before, widow of Mr Samuel Bagster the Bible publisher? She died in 1877 at Old Windsor within a few hours of her hundredth birthday. She too was more than a conqueror through Him that loved her. She told the Queen when she called on her, that she was looking forward to her speedy dismissal into the presence of the Saviour, "where," she added, "Madam, I hope hereafter to meet you."

Euphemia

EUPHEMIA means *fair fame*. The wife of Sir J. E. Millais the painter was a Miss Euphemia Chalmers. When her husband was dying and Queen Victoria sent to ask if she could do anything for him, his only request was, that his wife might be presented to her.

An "Out" Patient.

Reasons for not going to Church. 3rd Series—No. 12.

This boy, who has been rolling himself down the brae for the last hour on a barrel belonging to the grocer at the corner, has not been at Church for two weeks owing to a stiff knee, the only cure for which, his mother says, is "perfect rest."

SOME years ago, when trade in our town was very dull, a workman, who had been idle for many months, was out walking with his youngest child. The man was in great distress of mind. Rent time was coming on, and his bank account was getting very low, for there had been sickness in his family to face as well as want of work. He was doing with two meagre meals a day, tightening his belt when he felt hungry. As he and the little boy went along the street they came to a garden wall whose top was covered with broken bottles fixed in lime to keep out trespassers. Presently a sparrow

lighted on the broken glass and began to chirp and hop.

"Look, father, look!" cried the boy, "look at that sparrow no feart to tramp on the broken bottles!"

"No," said his father, "it's no a bit feart; there's many a thing a sparrow can do that you and I canna."

And no sooner had the man said that than he began to think he had spoken more truly than he meant. "That bird," he said to himself, "hasn't a penny in the bank, and it doesn't know where its next meal is to come from, and yet it is chirping away as pleased as you like. And here am I, with a bank-book, and a Bible full of promises, and a memory full of wonderful providences, and a good wife that is praying night and day; and singing is about the last thing I would venture on! The Bible says a man is of more value than many sparrows, but I'm thinking the Bible's wrong for once, and that, at least as far as trust in God is concerned, a sparrow is worth a lot of men any day."

And with that he began to whistle too, and when he came back to his

house he looked so cheery that his wife said, "Have you found a job?"

"No, but I've found faith."

"And that's better," was her answer, "for it's the thing we needed most."

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

3rd SERIES.

No. 10.—The Boy that rings door bells.

"It is as sport to a fool to do mischief."
—Prov. 10, 23.

JOHN RANKINE was very fond of ringing people's bells and then running off and laughing. He forgot the great law, that there is no fun when the fun is all on one side, and that that is a poor joke which nobody laughs at but the man who makes it. He never thought—or if he did, so much the worse for him—of the trouble it gave old and infirm and busy people to rise up to open the door. Nor did it ever occur to him—or if it did so, again I say, so much the worse—how much disappointment and sorrow it gave some wives and mothers, when they came running to the door, to find no postman there. Nor did he ever know that five different times he broke the wires that pulled bells and so put landlords to expense, or that once he so startled a woman, who was cleaning a press, that she broke her grandmother's marriage china tea-pot that was eight-and-ninety years old. Ay, and there was a poor cat, too, lying sleeping on the hearth in the kitchen where the good-wife was taking the kettle off the fire, and when the bell rang furiously the cat jumped and tripped the woman, and she upset the kettle and scalded her foot. I suppose he would have laughed if he had seen the cat and the way it jumped; but, wait a little! There *is* such a thing as justice in the world, and chickens *do* come home to roost.

He made a pit, and digged it deep,
Another there to take;
But he is fallen into the ditch
Which he himself did make.

. . . . . .

In those days there were neither phonographs nor kinematographs, and a soiree with a magic lantern was the grandest form of entertainment that we knew. That winter, it was in '85, Johnnie's mother had refused to buy a ticket for him, he being in disgrace at the time. She relented afterwards, but by that time the tickets were all sold. The three Hutchisons, Ec (that is, Alec), and Pete, and Jim, who were all Johnnie's pupils in the noble art of bell-pulling, were all going, and that added to his distress. But on the very afternoon of the soiree Pete turned ill, and his mother sent Ec and Jim to Johnnie Rankine's with his ticket. They determined, however, to have a lark over it. They climbed his stair noisily, pretending to be men, then, pulling the bell with great violence, rushed down again as hard as they could. Johnnie, who was alone in the house, recognising the trick, sat still, knowing from experience that that was the best way to annoy them. Ec and Jim, after waiting a little, concluded that their companion had gone out, and, as

time was precious, took the ticket to a Mrs. Fraser's. An hour after Johnnie met them on their way to the meeting, Ec carrying Æneas Fraser, who was lame, on his back, and found out to his dismay how cleverly he had been sold — by himself.

For the next few days he was busier at his tricks than ever, and so daring and impudent that one night he rang the same bell thrice. But the third time there were liers in wait, and the goodman of the house caught him. He squealed like a hare in a trap, and cried out that he was only pulling the bell in fun.

"Quite so," said his captor, "and I'm only going to warm your ears in fun, but they'll be warmed all the same, and you will perhaps remember after this that calling a thing fun doesn't necessarily make it fun!"

. . . . .

John Rankine got his last lesson eight years afterwards. He was an apprentice engineer then, and had spent every spare hour for months making a set of six drawings for a three-guinea prize that had been offered for competition by a shipbuilder. Rankine was an exquisite draughtsman, and was considered by his mates to be sure of the prize. He had finished five of the drawings, and was busy over a little bit of printing on the last and most complicated and most beautiful of the set two days before they were to be handed in. The drawing was spread out on a table, with his inkbottle in a saucer beside it for fear of accident, and he himself was kneeling on a chair, pen and ruler in hand. Just at that moment the bell rang with such violence that his sister, thinking it was someone come to tell them the house was on fire, dashed past the table on her way to the door, and upset both the bottle and the saucer. He himself, in his anxiety to save the drawing, tore it almost in two right through the middle.

It was a German, Carl Ludwig, who got the three guineas.

One evening, a few days afterwards, Rankine met a foreman who had been one of the adjudicators. "We have been putting up the drawings in the night-school," he said, "and I was very sorry to hear how yours had been spoilt. It is seven or eight years now since my own wife capsized a kettle full of boiling water on her foot through the same cause. Her ankle has never been the same since. It gets bad at nights, especially in frosty weather, and that's why I am going to our prayer meeting alone. There's nothing she misses so much. Boys don't mean to do harm, but they do it all the same. I hear your drawings were very fine. May I take a run up on my way home to see them? I don't suppose you ever go to a prayer meeting, but I'll be very pleased if you come with me, and I could go up and see the drawings after it."

So the two went together, and the first Psalm given out that night, especially one verse of it, set Rankine a-thinking. This was the verse:

Lord, who shall stand, if Thou, O Lord,
Should'st mark iniquity?
But yet with Thee forgiveness is,
That feared Thou mayest be.

After the meeting the foreman went home with him, and was so much struck with the drawings that he took the five away with him, and had them put up in the room with the others, with a gap in the middle where the sixth should have been, and an explanatory note. And the shipbuilder who gave the prize, and the foremen who decided it, and the engineers, journeymen and apprentices alike, all agreed that, though the German got the prize, it was the Scotchman that got all the honour.

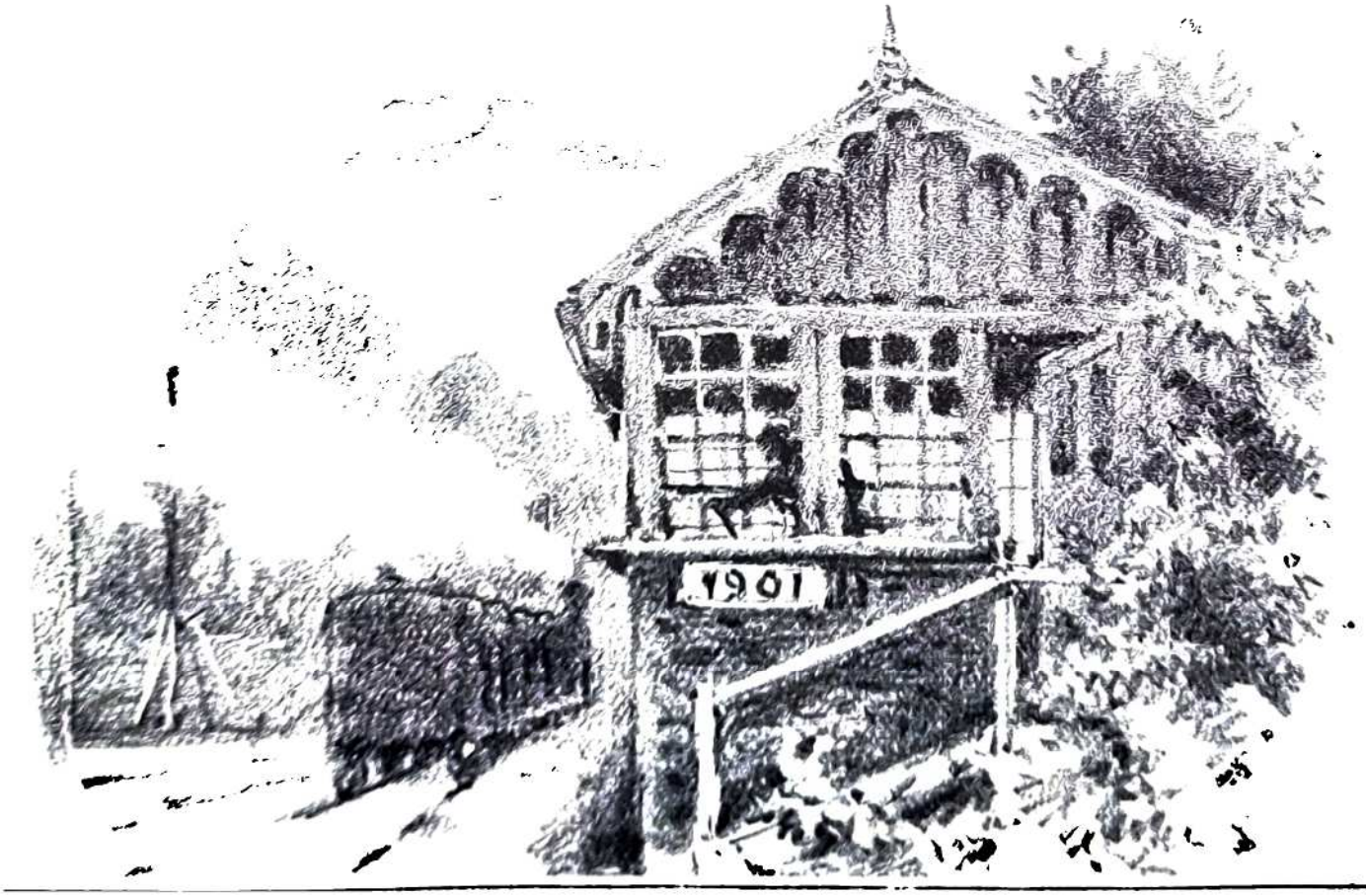
1901.

SIR Thomas Lawrence was often a very long time over his pictures. When he painted Lady Mexborough and her child, his delay was unusually provoking. Time after time her husband asked that the portrait might be sent home, but all in vain. At last he sent word that the portrait *must* be delivered up.

"I know," was the answer, "that I have been rather long. Lady Mexborough is done, but the baby wants finishing. But if you would kindly ask Lady Mexborough to bring the baby and give me one more sitting, I really will finish the picture."

"My wife," was Lord Mexborough's reply, "will be happy to give you another sitting whenever you like, *but the baby is in the Guards!*" That is to say, the baby was now an officer in the army. Sir Thomas Lawrence was like the man in the First Book of Kings who lost the prisoner he had charge of. "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

And are we not like that man too? It seems like yesterday since the coming of a New Century filled our minds and hearts with deep and solemn thoughts and purposes. We were going to serve the Lord and be wholly His. But we put off completing our covenant with God. The finishing touches were not given when they might and should have been, and now the year, and with the year the hundredth part, and doubtless in the case of some of us the greatest part, of the Twentieth Century is past; and we are not saved.



1	S	While they communed, Jesus drew near and went with them.—*Luke 24, 15.*
2	M	Abraham My friend.—*Is. 41, 8.*
3	Tu	He shall gather the lambs in His arm.—*Ch. 40, 11.*
4	W	I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.—*Ps. 119, 63.*
5	Th	Jonathan said unto David, Come, and let us go out into the field.—*1 Sam. 20, 11.* "What did God give you a crook in your arm for? Why, surely to hook it into some other fellow's."—*The late Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London.*
6	F	A companion of fools shall be destroyed.—*Prov. 13, 20.*
7	S	If I have eaten my morsel myself alone—*Job. 31, 17.*
8	S	The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.—*Ps. 33, 5.*
9	M	Thou visitest the earth.—*Ps. 65, 9.*
10	Tu	I will turn aside, and see this great sight.—*Ex. 3, 3.* "Never say there is nothing to see in a place."—*Dr. Mandell Creighton.*
11	W	Jesus said, Seest thou these great buildings?—*Mark 13, 2.*
12	Th	Balaam went to a bare height. And God met him.—*Num. 23, 3 (R. V.)*
13	F	What mean ye by these stones?—*Josh. 4, 6.*
14	S	Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art.—*Gen. 13, 14.*
15	S	Seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness.—*Matt. 6, 33 (R. V.)*
16	M	Be not anxious for the morrow :
17	Tu	For the morrow will be anxious for itself.
18	W	Lord Rowton once asked Lord Beaconsfield what was the most remarkable, the most self-sustained and powerful sentence he knew? He paused for a moment and then said, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."
19	Th	My grace is sufficient for thee.—*2 Cor. 12, 9.*
20	F	My times are in Thy hand.—*Ps. 31, 15.*
21	S	He is not far from each one of us.—*Acts 17, 27.*
22	S	He shall choose our inheritance for us.—*Ps. 47, 4.*
23	M	I have a goodly heritage.—*Ps. 16, 6.*
24	Tu	When he dieth, he shall carry nothing away.—*Ps. 49, 17.*
25	W	For here have we no continuing city.—*Heb. 13, 14.* "Robin Wallace, poor witless creature, had a habit of saying 'For a time,' in almost every sentence. One day, when walking in the Gartshore woods, the Laird came on him, and speaking gruffly asked, 'Do you know who I am?' 'The Laird o' Gartshore, for a time, for a time,' was the trembling reply." *Rev. R. Anderson's History of Kilsyth.*
26	Th	They confessed they were strangers and pilgrims.—*Heb. 11, 13.*
27	F	For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. This is the motto prefixed to Lord Chancellor the Earl of Selborne's Autobiography.
28	S	A better country, that is, an heavenly.—*ver. 16.*
29	S	And Jesus, answering, said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.—*Luke 7, 40.*
30	M	And he saith, Master, say on.
31	Tu	And Jesus said, I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet. Thou gavest Me no kiss. My head with oil thou didst not anoint.

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The Three Comforters.

The Flowers appear on the earth.—Song of Solomon 2, 12.

'Twas winter, and I stood and sobbed,
For fears oppressed me so;
I was like him thieves beat and robbed
Half way to Jericho;

When lo! three snowdrops I espied,
Fragile and pure and sweet;
They beckoned from the other side,
And stooped and kissed my feet.

Ye were not comforters like Job's,
Your words were God's, not man's,
Brave priests, pure Levites in white robes,
Three good Samaritans.

Ye turned my darkness into day,
Poured out hope's healing balm,
Sent me uplifted on my way
Singing a merry Psalm.

Two hundred pence would not suffice
For that ye did this day;
My Host will reckon up the price,
My Lord Himself will pay.